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ALONZO S. WEED,  
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## MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD.

LUKE II, 46-50.

BY REV. J. H. BEALE.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And in His mighty name rejoice;  
My spirit, too, with sweet accord  
Shall join the music of my voice—  
To God, my Saviour, and my King,  
My grateful tribute I would bring.

Thou doth regard my low estate,  
And crown me with abundant grace;  
To raise in exaltation great  
Above the rank of human race;  
For generations yet unborn  
Shall bless with me this sacred morn.

The mighty God for me hath wrought  
Such wonders of His mighty love,  
Surpassing grasp of human thought,  
Or flight of heavenly minds above;  
"All glory to His holy name,"  
Shall each succeeding age proclaim.

His loving mercy, full and free,  
To them who walk in filial fear,  
The blessed pledge of love shall be,  
When dark temptations hover near;  
The strength of His almighty arm  
Shall shield from danger, ill and harm.

The haughty bands who tower with proud  
Imagination to the skies,  
He scatters like the morning cloud;  
And those who in their strength arise  
To seats of power, He casteth down,  
And blazeth by His withering frown.

Exalting them of low degree,  
The hungry souls with gladness fill,  
But emptied quite the proud shall be,  
Through pride his selfish heart doth thrill;  
The Lord who holds His servants fast,  
Remember all His mercies past.

To Abram's seed the word He spake,  
To father and to son the same;  
The lasting ages ne'er can break  
The changeless promise of His name  
Who was, and is, shall ever be,  
All glory to the mystic Three!

## THE MINISTER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY MAY BLOSSOM.

Smarttown is a thriving manufacturing village about twenty miles from Boston. It is very much like a score of other towns in that locality—half city and half village. It has a main street with tall brick blocks upon it, two brick school-houses, half a dozen handsome churches, a few back lanes with licensed eating saloon upon the corners, two large cotton mills, and the usual mixture of good and bad, rich and poor, among its inhabitants.

The pastor of one of these Churches, at the time of which I write, was Rev. Ernest Noble. He was a young man, full of zeal for his work, and accounted among the young ladies of his flock a model of perfection, until one day he requested that the unused parsonage be put in order, and soon after brought from Boston a bright little woman to rule over it. From that time much of the special interest in regard to him began to wane, and he was no longer overwhelmed with slippers, pen-wipers, paper-weights, etc.

And the poor man, dazzled by the bright eyes of his merry little wife, seemed never to notice the change, but pursued the even tenor of his way, preaching, if possible, with greater fervor than before.

Thus six months passed, and the holidays drew near. One day in the sewing circle it was announced that the minister was going to have a party. There could be no mistake, for Sister Grundy's niece, Sarah Brown, the seamstress, while sewing at the parsonage, had overheard the minister and his wife talking in his study. She was in the next room, but, sitting near the crack of the door, could not hear the words "invite," "refreshments," "games," "music," and something about "dancing," and she guessed they were going to have a high time.

"You don't say so!" cried the horrified sisters in concert.

"Just as I expected!" said one.

"I told you so!" said another. "It's all the doings of that Boston wife of his'n. Why couldn't he have been contented to have taken a good pious sister from his own Church, instead of going way to Boston after such a doll?"

"I shan't be surprised at anything after this. I never—but here the Christian conversation was interrupted by the summons to tea, and the unexpected appearance in their midst of the pastor and his 'Boston wife.'

You may be sure that after this the parsonage was closely watched. No sentinel in time of war ever kept closer guard over an unsuspecting enemy, than did these faithful sisters over the movements of the clergyman's family.

Little Mrs. Noble wondered twenty times a day what had so suddenly interested the sisters in her behalf; for during the next two weeks she received more calls than during her previous six months' stay with this people. But never a hint did they gain from her of what was going on in her domains.

watchful eyes had seen a load of evergreens deposited in the minister's cellar. Tuesday, Mr. Noble was very busy all day, but what was the nature of his business no one could learn; for when Squire Cheatum's daughter had stopped her sleigh on purpose to invite his wife to ride with her on Christmas day, he politely informed her that she had a previous engagement, and hastened away to overtake a little boot-black.

Their conversation evidently had an exhilarating effect on the little fellow, for as soon as Mr. Noble had turned the corner, he turned several somersaults and prouetted up and down the icy pavement on his hands, his feet suspended in the air.

Wednesday, the piano-tuner for two long hours vexed the peaceful air in the vicinity of the parsonage with most unearthly sounds. Thursday, the expressman left a mysterious box at the door. Some one, entirely disinterested, asked him what he supposed it contained; he replied curtly, "Cut flowers, of course!"

And so the wonder grew! But what was the most mysterious of all, it was impossible to find out who were invited. Squire Cheatum, who paid the most towards the preacher's salary, knew nothing about it. Mr. License, who kept the finest eating-saloon in the city, and only a few choice liquors for certain of his guests, you know; Judge Sentence, who always tried and decided his worst cases while intently listening to the sermon Sabbath afternoon; Deacon Smith, Sarah Brown, the seamstress, and her elderly relative, Mrs. Grundy, were alike excluded from the invitations, if, in fact, any had been issued.

Friday morning broke cloudless and bright, lighting up with myriads of sparkling gems the freshly-fallen snow. "How beautiful! how delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Noble, as she peeped through the frosty pane. "Don't you like to see fresh snow upon the ground Christmas morning, Ernest?"

"Yes, dear, it seems a fitting emblem of Him whose advent we celebrate today. He found the world full of misery, wickedness and strife; He brought to it a religion of love and peace. He finds our souls full of all uncleanness; He washes them whiter than snow, and clothes them with the pure robe of righteousness. May all that we do today, be done to His glory, my dear!"

"Amen!" whispered May; and the pastor went to his study where, interrupted, he always passed a half hour before breakfast.

"Tis ten o'clock, and Mrs. May Noble stands in her pretty parlor, taking a final survey of herself and her apartments before the arrival of her guests. The gossip has guessed right for once, and there is to be a dinner-party at the parsonage this Christmas day. Evergreens, trailing woodland mosses and Hartford ferns adorn the picture-frames and mirrors, and bouquets of sweet-scented flowers greet one at every turn. The dining-room looks inviting. Here, too, are laid pictures and evergreens, and a table richly spread with cut glass, silver (which looks suspiciously like wedding presents), and rich flowers which fill the air with a delicious perfume.

No wonder the face of the young housekeeper wears a satisfied expression, for all the arrangements are perfect. From the kitchen beyond comes the savory smell of roasting fowl, while a broad-faced German girl bustles about, her face aglow alike with heat and satisfaction.

Mrs. Noble passed through all the rooms, lowering this shade a little, and raising that one, changing the position of a vase and moving a chair, peeped into the mirror, tossed back her curls and replanned her collar, and finally sat down to her piano to await the arrival of her guests.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she had not the slightest idea who were to be the recipients of her bounty. In arranging matters with her husband he had said,—

"Make what arrangements you please, little wife. Have your dinner fit for the king, if you wish, and I will invite the guests. Is there any one you wish particularly to invite?"

"None but Auntie and Fannie Gray. Fannie will help me entertain the children. You must invite the children, you know, for I could not endure a party of grown-up people solely."

"Yes, this was all that had been said upon the subject. She was just crossing the hall towards the study to ask Ernest whom she might expect, when the door-bell rang.

Opening the door she confronted an old lady in a calico dress and faded shawl, whom all the town called "Aunt Patty."

"Here, take um! Thought I'd be on hand in good season. How good them posies smell!"

Aunt Patty seated herself very composedly and took out her blue knitting-work as if she intended to spend the day. Before the hostess could recover herself, the bell pealed again long and loud. Opening the door quickly she was just in time to see a pair of shiny boots describing a semicircle in the air and the body of a very little boy assume a perpendicular attitude. His eyes were bright and roguish, and his face somewhat streaked with cleanliness. Pulling off his torn cap, thereby revealing a most ludicrous attempt at toilet making, he said,—

"How d'y do, mam? Is the parson to hum?"

The sound of crutches now arrested her attention, and the one-legged soldier, who mended old umbrellas and sung camp-songs to the children, was seen coming up the steps. The street seemed to be full of the lame, the halt and the blind, and the people across the way were crowding their windows to see the odd procession pass.

On they came, straight up the steps and into the door of the parsonage.

May stood back too astonished to speak, and let them pass. There was the blind man who sold shoe-strings and lead-pencils on the corner of Fair street. There was the man in the big army overcoat that she had many a time seen peddling oranges and peanuts on the next corner. Here was little hunchback Jenny Wren who made dolls' clothing for a store in Boston. Now came half a dozen children who worked in the mill, their jackets even now bearing traces of cotton that they had in vain tried to remove.

Straight on to the study they went, scarcely heeding her. In the doorway stood Ernest with a smiling countenance and warm grasp of the hand extending a cordial greeting to each of them.

"Ernest, do tell me what this means!" whispered May, as soon as she could gain his ear.

"These are our guests, little wife. Don't you remember the command, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, etc.' Could we better celebrate His birthday than by caring for His poor?"

Away ran May to her room, and the minister was left alone with his strange guests. In ten minutes she came back, all disappointment and vexation gone from her countenance, and no one would have thought from any act of hers that the guests were not each of her own believing.

Then came the dinner. And such a feast as it was to those poor people! In despair of describing it. Not so little Jim, the boot-black. He never tired of talking of the subject, and every gentleman whose boots he blacked for the next three weeks was regaled with an account of the wonderful dinner.

"I hear you were at the minister's party yesterday, Jim. Did you have a good time?" said a gentleman to him the next day.

"You bet we did!" replied Jim with a wise look.

"Do tell me about it. I really want to know. What did you have for dinner?" queried the gentleman.

"Oh, lots and lots of nice things! We had soup with little white things like curly pipe-stems swimming round in it. Two turkeys with all the fixings! Oh, my! w'at they nice! A great big pudding, steaming hot and full of plums. We ate with silver forks, and had our plates changed twice; and close by every plate was a little bunch of flowers that smelt like—like heaven, I guess. When we came away, Miss Noble gave us the flowers to bring home with us. I didn't have no good place to keep mine, so I put um in my pocket. Want to see um? They don't look very nice, but they're mighty sweet, and I mean to keep um forever."

"Yes, that's all about the dinner, only all the time we was eatin' Miss Fanny and Miss Noble kept walking round the table and saying, 'Don't you want some of this? Shall I fill your glass?' just as if we was princes."

"And, sir, I wondered if heaven wasn't something like that—if we should sit down to great long tables all loaded with good things and the angels with shiny wings should wait on us just as Miss Fanny did. 'Twouldn't be no stranger, nobow," he added musingly.

"What did you do after dinner?"

"After dinner, Miss Noble's aunt talked with the old women about rheumatism and fevers, and Miss Fanny showed us pictures and told us stories. Then Miss Noble played something quick on the piano, and afore I thought I found myself walking afore all the company on my hands. Miss Noble didn't scold a bit, only everybody laughed. Then she taught us a song about Christmas. It's mighty pretty. I sing it every time I'm cold or hungry, and then I don't mind so much. Then Tom the soldier sang a song, and we all sang the chorus—'Glory, glory, hallelujah!—just as loud as we could holler, and Mr. Noble clapped his hands and said 'twas splendid."

"After the big-faced German girl got the dishes washed, we children and the minister all went out into the big kitchen. We played 'pass in the corner,' 'hide the handkerchief,' and lots of nice things. Then the minister said, 'Let's tell stories.' So we all sat down on the floor close together. I told a story about a bear, Bill Larkin told one about a ghost, and we all told some sort of a story. When it came Mr. Noble's turn he told the best one of all. It was about a little baby that was born in a stable on the first Christmas morning that ever was. When He grew up He loved poor little fellows like me, 'cause He was poor once hisself. By and by wicked men killed Him, but He come to life again, and knows all about us this very minute. What do you 'spose this man's name was? Mr. Noble almost whispered it to us, 'cause he said we must never say it when we are mad with anybody. I guess you know who I mean, don't you, Mister?"

But the gentleman only said, "Go on."

"Well, that's 'bout all. By'n by they lit the gas, and then we all went into the eatin'-room again and had some ice-cream and cake. After that we sat down in the parlor, Bill Larkin and me on the floor, while Miss Fanny played on the piano and we all sang. 'Gather at the river.'

"Then the minister prayed that we might all be good and get to heaven, where the streets are all gold and it is never cold. I'm going to try to go there, ain't you, Mister? That's all. Then we all come home."

The last guest had departed. May closed the door gently, and came back into the parlor where Ernest was standing alone. He came forward quickly, and took both her hands in his.

"May, do you forgive me for not telling you of our guests before their arrival?"

"Freely, Ernest, for this has proved one of the happiest days of my life. After the first shock wore off, I was glad you did not tell me, for I fear I should not have approved of the plan and so have spoiled a great deal of pleasure for several people. But what made you think of inviting such a host of queer people?"

"Something I read a few days since. I assure you it was by no means an original idea; and opening the family Bible, he read these words:—

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

## AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

Over the brown earth descends the soft snow-flake,  
Covering all with its delicate grace;  
Pure as the mantle of Christian charity,  
White as the robe of Christ's righteousness.

Many a time have these winter flowers blossomed,  
Many a time has the sun o'er them smiled,  
Since, to the far-away land of the Orient  
Low He descended—the glorious Christ-child.

Shining-robed angels proclaimed His arrival,  
Told how the Day-star had dawned upon earth;  
How was revealed God's love and compassion—  
Glory divine in Immanuel's birth.

Then how they chanted the grand hallelujah!  
Would that my ear might have caught the sweet strain;  
Heard heavenly voices the glad tidings bring—  
"Peace upon earth, and good-will unto men."

Yet oft I feel in the depths of my spirit,  
Sweetly-voiced minstrels are sweeping the chords  
Of my heart; through its chambers the music is pealing  
So clearly, I listen, and e'en hear the words—  
"Hear through my soul the grand harmony ringing,  
Glorious tidings in musical strain,—  
"Lo! He descendeth, Immanuel, bringing  
Peace upon earth and good-will unto men."

## THE "PRAYER TEST" IMPROVED.

BY PROF. D. P. BOWNE.

[Concluded.]  
Now if Prof. Clifford had not made the notable discovery that the doctrine of a superintending Providence is pernicious and immoral, we should regard it as almost providential that the recent opening up of Central Africa enables our advanced scientists to put this matter to a decisive test, and by experimental demonstration forever put to silence the calumnies of wicked men. The ideal civilization and the ideal man can be reached only by preaching these great truths. But there is a cer-

tain narrowness among Christians which leads them (1) to charge that the advanced views are morally and socially pernicious; and (2) to claim that the old gospel is the only thing which has reformed society, or which can do it. It is manifest that these claims must be false, although the bigots pretend to justify them by unpleasant references to the French Revolution, etc.; and yet to a superficial observer they do not seem entirely unfounded. The new gospel, like the old one, suffers from the unfaithfulness of its disciples; for materialists and atheists in general have not given the most exalted illustrations of the saving power of their principles. This, however, may be due to the fact that they did not hear the new gospel until they had been poisoned with the old. It must also be admitted that the old gospel appears to have some power as a civilizing agency. To mention only recent cases, the history of Madagascar, of the Sandwich and Feejee Islands, seems to give some color to the Christian claim. Of course this claim is false, but it is specious; and the unthinking are always caught by appearances.

In this state of affairs, it is manifestly necessary that our advanced scientists show that atheistic and materialistic doctrines are capable of producing equally good fruit, and especially that they need not bring forth the evil fruit which bigoted opponents charge upon them. It will not do to bring out the few saints of the tribe, and point out that in their case these views have consisted with high moral aims; for (1) these saints are extremely rare appearances; and (2) it might be claimed that the moral ideals, in the presence of which they were brought up, insensibly affected them. In the interests of the new gospel, it has been proposed to exclude priests from all participation in public education, and thus test at once the new and the old, by showing what magnificent results would follow when the children were instructed in the new philosophy and guarded from the cramping and baleful influence of the old doctrines. But such a test would hardly be decisive, for the contagion of the old superstition is very subtle and pervasive. History, language, the structure of society, the air itself, are infected with it. To remove all possibility of quibble, therefore, it would be well to take some tribe in central Africa and make the grand experiment. Both teachers and taught would be entirely removed from the malaria of Christian superstition, and thus the good seed would find a virgin soil. Let the pupils be carefully taught that carbonic acid, water and ammonia are the real man; and that when these are scattered there is nothing left. Let them further be taught the great doctrine of automatism. Let Mr. Spencer assure them that freedom is a myth, and that it would be mischievous if it were real. Let Prof. Clifford dwell upon the notable discovery referred to, that the doctrine of a guiding Providence is immoral. Let them further learn that the doctrine of a future retribution is a degrading anthropomorphism; and Mr. Harrison, the apostle of Positivism, may add that the expectation of a future life is debasing selfishness. Let them be carefully guarded from these pernicious doctrines, and let the great and inspiring truths mentioned be deeply impressed upon them. Under such favorable circumstances, the best results ought to be reached; and humanity, after ages of thwarting and baffling error, would at last reach the truth, and would bud and blossom as the rose.

We do, therefore, commend this suggestion to the careful consideration of advanced scientists. Of course they could not fail to succeed, for they have the "majesty of fact" on their side. Their success, too, would forever put to silence both the misrepresentations of Christians, and their claims that the old gospel is the only one that can redeem the world. Some rabid missionary might possibly take fire at the thought of turning over even African savages to what he would ungenerously call "a pack of infidels," but the country is so large that it would be tolerably easy to escape him; and besides, if he should prove so persistent as to endanger the experiment, he might be dealt with practically for the good of the cause.

But here a difficulty arises. If these negroes be only functions of molecular compounds, the advanced scientist may question whether it is worth while to take all this trouble for them. A negative conclusion is to be apprehended, as our advanced friends have not, as a rule, manifested the intensest enthusiasm of humanity; but it is to be hoped that they will not suffer this reproach longer to rest upon them. Any doctrine which began by generating contempt for humanity would be self-condemned. The advanced scientist, therefore, ought to be careful to excel the superstitious Christian in the enthusiasm of humanity; and hence he should burn with zeal to enter upon this project. If it were not for fear of Prof. Clifford, we should once more

pronounce the recent explorations in Africa providential. By hastening thither, the advanced scientists will, first of all, forestall the Christians who will soon be there with their false and baleful doctrines, if the ground is not preoccupied; and thus the reign of superstition will be widened and prolonged. In the next place, the advanced scientists will quickly raise the naked savages into an ideal civilization, and thus they will finally settle a vexed question.

On every account, therefore, the experiment should be tried forthwith. Botanists have spent winters in Lapland to get a scanty chance in summer to study its scanty vegetation. Astronomers have gone to the ends of the earth to get the best angle for observing some unimportant celestial phenomenon. This question is of such importance, on both humanitarian and scientific grounds, that it almost seems worth while for the entire school of advanced scientists to pack up their books and lectures and start at once for the field. Of course we at home should be losers by such an exodus of apostles, but we had rather sacrifice ourselves than leave this weighty experiment untended. It might be necessary to make some show of force at the start, until the savage neophytes should be fairly under the influence of the new doctrines; but this point once reached, the lion and lamb could not fail to lie down together. The test is much more complete and decisive than the prayer-test, and is offered in the same candid and scientific spirit.

Boston University.

## THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

FIRST PAPER.

The subject for consideration is the inspiration of the Scriptures. Its importance cannot be overestimated, because of its place in relation to the system of Christian doctrine. It constitutes, in reality, the authority on which we accept Christianity; for it is only as we believe that the Scriptures are inspired that we can believe that the religion of Christ is divine. In any way impugn the idea of their inspiration, and to such an extent you weaken the claim of Christ to the Messiahship, and sap the foundation on which Christianity is based.

And first, what are we to understand by the inspiration of the Scriptures? Simply this, that they are the word of God; that the matters of which they treat were directly communicated to men by the Divine Spirit, and by them made known to the world as such. The definition of the apostle is as comprehensive and simple as any that can be given: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They did not originate, they did not discover, any of the truths of which they spoke; they were simply the amanuenses of the divine Spirit, receiving from Him the subject matter of revelation, and then giving it to the world through the framework of their own phraseology.

A question, however, that would logically precede this would be, whether such a mode of communicating with men would be reasonable; and if so, how could the world be assured that God spoke through some rather than through others; or that what they made known as the word of God was not their own? So far as the necessity of a revelation is concerned, there can be but one opinion among right-thinking people. If there be a God, such as we imagine and believe; if He sustains to the race the relation that we suppose He does; and if we are the immortal and accountable beings that we believe we are, not only is it reasonable to suppose that God would reveal to the world so much of the mysteries of their own nature, of a future life, and a world to come, as of themselves they could never determine; but the necessity of His doing so would be inevitable. The only question really would be, How would the revelation take place, and how would it be so authenticated that there could be no reasonable doubt as to its being from God?

Now the method adopted was, of all others, the most feasible and the most rational. What could be more natural than God speaking through men morally qualified to receive and transmit such communications as, in His wisdom, it was necessary to make? And the character of the mediums thus selected, as well as the character of the messages they delivered, would furnish no slight proof of their inspiration and the inspiration of what they declared. And this is not merely the statement of the Scriptures themselves, but it is what the practical common-sense of every man would naturally expect. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "God, who at sundry times spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son."

The importance of this doctrine, and the necessity of having with reference to it clear and well-defined convictions, will be evident to any who will give it the slightest consideration. It is necessary to the validity of the Scriptures and the maintenance of their power and influence in the world. If you can persuade yourself, or persuade men, that the Bible is not the inspired word of God, what is it to you or to them more than any other book? You reduce it at once to a level with the ancient classics. It will have a value even then; but it will be only the value derived from its antiquity; while it will not be entitled to the respect you willingly give them, because, while those are really the productions of the men whose names they bear, this is a cheat, pretending to be the word of God when it is only the word of men. The great antiquity of its older portions—old when the oldest of profane writings were new—the beauty of its portions and the sublimity of its imagery, and the altogether unique character of its didactic portions, would not save it from the condemnation it would richly merit, nor rescue it from sinking into an obscurity from which it would never emerge, if the idea that it is inspired of God was banished from the beliefs of men. Next to faith in Christ faith in the Word is an absolute necessity. Nay, you can have no faith in Christ unless you have this absolute faith in the Word; for what we know of Christ, and all we know, excepting the personal knowledge that springs from the experience of His grace, is what this furnishes. If, therefore, the origin of the Scriptures, like the once famous discoveries of Chatterton, should turn out to be a fraud, even for pious purposes, the fate of Chatterton's writings would justly become their fate, and nothing more would be necessary to eliminate Christ from the position He occupies in history, or the place that He now fills in the hearts and consciences of men. But from such a catastrophe we are happily secured by the overwhelming evidences that we have in the Scriptures, and especially in the influences that they wield, that they are what they claim to be—the word of God.

Different theories have prevailed at different times touching the nature and extent to which they are inspired. Of these we notice those only that have been the most common, and which to-day exist and are accepted by more or less numerous bodies of people. One theory is that the Scriptures are inspired only in the same sense in which all works are inspired that have emanated from men of genius in every age. The human mind is susceptible at times to illuminations that not only give it increased energy in its operations, but lift it to higher elevations whence the area of its vision is indefinitely enlarged, and reveal to it worlds of thought that, in its ordinary condition, it would never have discovered. And the writers of the Scriptures possessed only this kind of inspiration, under the influence of which they wrote what they, at the time, and we since, have accepted as the word of God. On this theory there is no difference between David and John Milton, Moses and Justinian, Isaiah and Andrew Jackson Davis, Paul and Theodore Parker, Christ and Confucius. One was inspired as much as the other. The poets and preachers and moralists of the Bible had no higher affluents than the poets and preachers and moralists of all ages, who put forth no such claims as these we unhesitatingly give, to the former.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

WHITTIER.

For ourselves we find the chief source of his poetic power where it is pleasantest to find it, in the intense truthfulness, naturalness and simplicity of his poetry. He is a bard of human nature, and he has helped human nature in honoring it. As truthful and as candid as Wordsworth, he is less metaphysical—simpler. Underneath the calm exterior of the Quaker, he has the enthusiasm of the warmest poetic nature, and he has known how to make hearts throb violently in contemplation of noble deeds in common life. He has interpreted the thought of a rural maiden, and made us share her day-dreaming. He has uttered for us the deep admiration which chokes us when we see in common life the heroism of such men as Conductor Bradley. In a word, Whittier has and is the truthful voice of the every-day life of this time; he is the poet of our work-a-day world. Let us hope that the years of his beautiful old age may be lengthened, and that they may bring with them only the peace which belongs to the evening of a well-used day. . . . What words of ours can add one touch of green to the bays with which the poet Whittier is crowned on this the seventieth anniversary of his birth? His fame is securely rooted in the hearts of the great English-speaking race of men, and his praise is not a chorus which needs swelling by loudly-attuned voices. His simple ballads, breathing the very life-breath of truth and nature, are in the hands, the memories, the hearts of men and women and children all over the land.—*Evening Post.*



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, January 6.  
Lesson 1. 2 Chron. xii, 1-13.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## REHOBAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH.

The first lesson for the new year takes us back to the point of divergence in Jewish history, from which the kingdom of the ten tribes—Israel—and the kingdom of the two tribes—Judah—made their separate histories. The first half of last year was spent in studying the fortunes of the Israelitish kingdom, with its degenerate sovereigns, its idolatry, its disastrous wars; and also its prophets, who stood out with invincible strength against the corruptions of court, tribunals and camp, preaching righteousness and retribution to their corrupt times. We are now to follow the line of the house of Judah. This kingdom had its centre at Jerusalem, the venerated capital of the Jewish people before the dismemberment took place. It possessed some elements of power which secured for it a longer continuance than the kingdom of Israel. Instead of Baal-worship, the people of Judah held to the worship of Jehovah; there was a reverence for divine law; there was a succession of kings untroubled by revolutions; its territory was less exposed on the frontier to the incursion of enemies; its population was hardy and united. For sixty years war was waged between Israel and Judah; Judah, by arms, the desire of re-establishing its power over the ten tribes. The prophetic office, in both kingdoms, comes into prominence, as the priests sink into obscurity and almost disappear. "Under the shadow of the Temple, there was a depth and grasp elsewhere unequalled in the views of Isaiah and the prophets of Judah; they came forward appealing everywhere to the conscience of individuals, supporting and purifying all that remained of ancient piety."

## PARAPHRASE.

Rehobam was a son of Solomon by the Ammonite princess Naamah, and succeeded his father as sovereign of Israel B. C. 975. He established the kingdom of the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, after the revolt of Jeroboam with the ten tribes, by building fifteen fortified cities, and putting into their abundance of "victual, oil and wine," also, armaments of "shields and spears." The army of Rehobam at the beginning of his reign numbered about 180,000 men; this number probably being about one-fourth of the whole population composing the kingdom. He strengthened himself by physical bulwarks against the rival nation, and at the same time forsook God's law, the stronghold of every nation. He encircled Jerusalem with a chain of fortresses, but neglected to hold steadfastly the religion and the morality which were the only safeguards that would preserve his kingdom. Like ruler, like people. The lax conduct of Rehobam gave license to his subjects, and degeneracy spread through his dominions. Heathen abominations were allowed in the chief city. The temple was not transformed into a place for Baal-worship, but "images" were permitted, and even the worship of Ashtoreth was performed by the side of the worship of Jehovah's altars. Before five years had passed, a retributive stroke fell upon the faithless kingdom. Egypt wielded the sword of punishment. Shishak led an immense army of invasion into Palestine. This king's conquests were celebrated by suitable sculptures on the walls of the temple of Karnak. "In one of the processions thus represented, there is to be found the only direct allusion to Jewish history on the Egyptian monuments. On one side stands the king himself. Meeting him is the god Amon, leading a train of captives; and of these, the third from Amon's hand was believed by Champollion to bear the name of king of Judah." King Shishak moved against the fortresses of Rehobam, not only with his Egyptian army, but also with the auxiliaries added on the march—the Libyans, of northeastern Africa, the Sukkums, thought to have been the Arab troglodytes (dwellers in caves) inhabiting a mountain range on the western coast of the Red Sea, and the Ethiopians from the south of Egypt. With this overwhelming horde Shishak conquered the outer defenses which Rehobam had built, and quartered his army before the gates of Jerusalem itself for a siege.

Shemaiah, the prophet, came forward at this crisis, with his reproof as the messenger of God. Like Paul in the tempest-driven vessel, Shemaiah in the besieged capital is the prophet of warning and of hope. The king and his princes were in counsel. They were planning for a desperate defense. Danger was imminent. What could be done? All the outworks were carried. Jerusalem was encompassed. They forgot the cause of their reverses, until the solemn voice of this prophet said in the name of Jehovah, *Ye have forsaken Me. Look at your deserted altars; see the heathen images under the shadow of the Temple; recollect the forsaken law of the Lord. You, Rehobam, and all your people, have neglected and rebelled against Me; therefore I, Jehovah, have allowed this punishment, which Egypt brings, to fall upon you. Whereupon the rulers of the kingdom humbled themselves. Feeling the truth of the prophet's words, sorrow and humiliation filled their hearts. A kingdom was endangered by their apostasy. Destruction hung over the capital in the thick war-cloud, whose fiery bolts had already leveled their fortresses. They could not call upon*

Jehovah to help them, for Him they had forsaken. The law condemned them; their own consciences stung them; Shemaiah's truth had cut to the quick. They could not utter a syllable against the justice of God; but rather, in their humiliation, they acknowledged that the Lord is righteous. This timely repentance was acceptable in Jehovah's sight, and through the prophet He spoke deliverance to the city from the destruction which seemed to be impending.

Nevertheless, it was only to be a commutation of the threatened punishment. Shishak would not destroy their capital, but he would make Judah one of his dependencies. The foreign king would enter their city and make his power felt. The people of Judah would find how much harder was the subjection to a foreign monarch than obedience and service to Jehovah. The treasures of the royal palace and also those of the Temple were taken by the invader. With the rapacity of a heathen conqueror, Shishak stripped the subject city of its chief riches. The shields and targets spoken of have been estimated at a value of more than a million dollars. They were made during the brilliant reign of Solomon, and were borne by the guard of the palace, as maces, when they attended the king to the Temple or on other public processions. Rehobam's kingdom was trampled upon by the conqueror's hoofs; his royalty lost its bright insignia. Shishak took his gold, and Rehobam could only replace the golden shields with shields of brass—signs of the debasement which national sin had wrought among the people. There was some ceremony used in replacing the plundered insignia by the shields of brass; and yet the king was humbled by the disasters which Shishak had brought to his people. He felt the justice of the retribution, and bowed his royal head under the stroke. The wrath of Jehovah is only against wickedness. When the king was sorry, the divine clemency was shown. God pitied and blessed the penitent soul, no matter how long that penitence may have been delayed. The ragged and famished prodigal, the dying thief, were gladly welcomed for forgiveness even in the latest moment of repentance. And another reason for God's mercy to Jerusalem was, that "in Judah were good things." Some things that indicated piety still lived in the realm. For a very little that was righteous, God was willing to spare Judah.

## PLAIN DOCTRINES.

1. The strength of iron, of gold, of royalty will not compensate for moral weakness.
2. Retribution follows guilt; only penitence and the atonement of Christ can save the guilty soul from punishment.
3. If a man will not serve God he must serve an infinitely harder master.
4. Humiliation is the first feeling of the penitent heart.

## LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

REHOBAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH.  
King Solomon ruled over twelve tribes. After he died, the kingdom was divided: Ten tribes were called the Kingdom of Israel, and two tribes the Kingdom of Judah.

Rehobam was the first king of Judah. For three years he served the Lord as Solomon his father had done. Then he forsook the law of God, and worshiped idols.

In the fifth year of his reign, the Lord let Shishak, king of Egypt, come against him with an immense army. There were hundreds of chariots, thousands of horsemen, and so many people that they could not be counted. They took Rehobam's strong cities, one by one, until they reached Jerusalem.

One of God's prophets then went to the king and princes, and told them that God had let Shishak destroy their cities to punish them for leaving His service and worshipping other gods. When they heard this they humbled themselves and said, "The Lord is righteous!"

When God saw that they were humble and penitent, He sent the prophet again to tell them that they should not be destroyed by Shishak; but should be His servants, that they might learn how much better it is to serve the King of heaven than any earthly king.

So Shishak went into Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the king's house and of the temple. He also took the golden shields which had been Solomon's; and Rehobam had to have some brass ones made, to be held before him when he went into the house of the Lord.

Then King Shishak went back into his own country, and once more there was peace and prosperity in Judah.

GOLDEN TEXT.  
When he humbled himself the wrath of the Lord turned from him. 2 Chron. xii, 12.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Over how many tribes did Solomon reign?
2. After his death, what happened?
3. What were the ten tribes called?
4. What were the two tribes called?
5. Who was the first king of Judah?
6. How long did he serve God?
7. When he grew rich and strong, what did he do?
8. Who followed his example?
9. Who came against Jerusalem?
10. What did they destroy on the way?
11. Who came before the king and princes?

12. What did he say to them?
13. What did the king and princes do?
14. What did they say?
15. What second message did God send them?
16. Why was this?
17. What did Shishak take from Jerusalem?
18. What is said of the kingdom after he returned to Egypt?

WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.  
The Bible teaches us to be humble.  
David said: "He forgetteth not the cry of the humble" (Psalm ix, 12). Solomon said: "Before honor is humility" (Prov. xv, 33). The prophet Micah said: "Walk humbly with your God" (Micah vi, 8). Paul said: "Put on humbleness of mind" (Col. iii, 12). James said: "God giveth grace unto the humble" (James iv, 6). Peter said: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God." Christ said: "He that shall humble himself shall be exalted" (Matt. xxiii, 12).

"Humble we must be, If to heaven we go; High is the roof there, But the gate is low."

## IS SACRIFICING THE LAW OF THE ITINERANCY?

BY REV. L. R. THAYER, D. D.

[Concluded.]

It is for the purpose of avoiding the difficulties named in our last, that the itinerant system has been devised, or, rather, that Providence has led a large branch of the Church into it. By this system, as we claim, these great questions of ministerial usefulness and efficiency are more understandingly, more impartially, determined, and the earnest desire of the true and good of each class is more surely and fully realized.

In this system the board of appointers is so constituted, and its members are so placed in relation to each other and to both ministers and Churches, as to afford the best possible opportunities and facilities for the most familiar acquaintance each with the other, and all with the men and Churches whose interests they are to subserve; and at the same time utterly precludes that with a view even to their own personal interests, they should be influenced in their official action by any other than an ardent desire to do the best possible for each of all the parties concerned. No other motive is conceivable in a member of that board, unless it be possible to conceive that one could get there low and wicked enough to be influenced by personal spite or some demerit of revenge.

For the reasons we have stated, as perhaps from others in part, large numbers of both ministers and Churches see, or think they see, that the object of their desire may be more readily reached, the purposes for which they labor more fully accomplished, by the second than by the first mode we have discussed.

There is, then, we insist, no ground either for the minister or the Church that joins this brotherhood to claim that they have sacrificed any right of choice. They have used that right in its broadest sense, chosen freely—and not intelligently, if they were their own fault—and have been led to that choice by the benefit it set before them. It was because they could not, and knew they could not, do the work as well as this system would do for them.

It does not pertain to my present purpose to discuss whether or not the choice was wisely made, or whether or not the results have justified it. My only point here is, that there is no slavery, no oppression, no surrender of heaven-given rights in this transaction. It is an arrangement into which we entered, and in which we remain of our own free will and choice; and whenever either minister or Church finds that such is not their case, it is high time they gave the parting kiss and showed to us their retiring form.

But perhaps more than in the choice of field and pastor some have felt that there was sacrifice in the amount and mode of determining the salary of the pastor. The feeling is, and no one will question its correctness, that whoever has a marketable commodity, has a right to put a price upon it, as he exposes it for sale. And, on the other hand, whoever desires to purchase a marketable commodity, may make such an offer for it as he pleases. The one may get his price, if he can; the other may get his desired article for his price, if he can. Each will be likely to find that it takes, at the least, two to make a bargain.

But how can any one, with anything like an adequate conception of the sacred character that ought to inhere in this ministry and work, but feel that it is secularized and degraded by being thus placed in the category of merchandise? While all concede readily that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel, and that the laborer is worthy of his support, would not any ordinarily sensitive minister be glad to be relieved from deciding the *how much*? And to whom would he so readily commit that question as to the people he serves and the power that appointed him to that service?

But it is said, and generally thought to be true, that itinerant preachers are not as well paid as are those who negotiate and can enforce the collection of their salaries. Whether this be so or not, I do not assume to decide; but considering that the itinerant is in constant employ, and also other accommodations usually furnished by the Churches, there would be found at least a large deduction to be made from the

difference between his and the salary of his settled brethren by his side. And in this connection we are also to consider the difference in the character of the fields the two classes cultivate, especially in New England. The settled order had preoccupied the field by more than a century, and had gathered into their fields nearly all of the better class of families, while the itinerants could only gather up the fragments, that none be lost. The settled minister, therefore, served a people better able to offer a liberal support than those served by the itinerants. The discrepancy, then, if there be any, is attributable rather to the circumstance of pre-occupancy than to any defect in our system. If, then, he makes a sacrifice in this regard, it is attributable to the nature of the work he does, and not to the system under which he does that work.

There is one other source from which, perchance, may come personal sacrifice peculiar to the itinerancy, and that is, in the actual administration or actual workings of the system. Arrangements of the character embodied in this system are in the nature of a mutual compact. The ministers mutually contract with each other that they each will receive, and labor in, such appointments as the appointing power shall assign to them; and with the Churches they contract that they will labor with their best ability among such Churches as have chosen to place themselves under the system. They virtually agree that they will not seek a field of labor outside of that circle, and come within it only when they cannot do as well out of it. The Churches virtually contract with each other that they each, leaving the appointing board uninfluenced by partisan claims, promises or threats, will accept their pastors, year by year, as they may be appointed; and they covenant with the whole body of the itinerant ministers that they will receive and sustain whichever of their number shall be duly assigned to them. It is, we say, upon this compact that the itinerancy is based.

We might, without exaggeration, represent it as a marriage contract, in which the entire body of the ministry, standing before the high altar of the Great Head of the Church, shall say, "We take these Churches to be, and ever hereafter to constitute, our fields of labor, and do solemnly promise that in their prosperity or adversity, in their weakness or in their strength, we will serve them to the extent of our ability, wherever we may be assigned by the constituted authority of the Church. And the Churches, in the same august presence, say to the preachers, "We take these as our pastors, and henceforth will accept, sustain, and to our best ability support, whichever of them may, from time to time, be assigned to us by the unbiased determination of the regularly-constituted authority of the Church."

Such are the clearly implied obligations entered into by ministers and Churches in this system. A compact works most perfectly, and therefore beneficially, when each party to it fills his obligations and performs faithfully his part. It therefore transpires that should a minister seek unduly to influence his appointment either by an *ex parte* representation of his case to the cabinet, or by negotiation with a Church, by as much as he influences his appointment by such means, by so much does he injure some other party in the contract, and violate his solemn obligation.

And so, if any Church shall seek to influence their assignment of a pastor by *ex parte* representation, negotiation, or otherwise, rather than by presenting facts through legitimate channels, by so much as such do influence in their appointment in such way, by so much do they detract from what rightfully belongs to some other member of the compact.

Machinery works well only when it works unobstructedly; and we have the fullest confidence that so long as the itinerant system for distributing ministerial labor to its points of greatest efficiency, is permitted to perform its functions without obstructions from intermeddlers, and all parties to it perform their respective duties faithfully, it will continue in the future, as in the past, to approve itself as a true child of Providence and a benediction to the world.

## A BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM GLASGOW.  
MR. EDITOR: The first news I heard on landing was of the terrible coal-mine explosion of Blantyre. The two hundred or more poor fellows who met their doom in that unparalleled explosion were but a battalion in a great army that the mines in the neighborhood of Glasgow employ. The shipping interest is said to be in a state of great agitation, and yet to be amazed at the eighteen miles of it which grazed the eye in sailing up the Clyde; and one is yet more astonished to learn that this magnificent display is a piece of Dutch ingenuity and enterprise in the enlargement of the channel, and the unceasing dredging required to keep it clear. To give an idea of the amount of ship building, take one item alone, out of a thousand: One shipyard gives employment, in busy times, to five thousand men! A quite significant index to the manufactures is seen in a chimney which towers upward four hundred and fifty feet.

The architects of this country do not deal in "gingerbread" work, yet every church and cathedral looks like an overdone cake. The blackness that gathers upon them turns autumnal sadness to funeral gloom. The old cathedral in Glasgow is not far from a busy manufacturing district, and gets a full share of the mellowing process. I had the pleasure of attending a Presbyterian service in this old trophy wrested successively from the Papacy and the English Establishment. It was the semi-annual Church fast, preparatory to that rare epoch in the Scotch Churches—the sacra-

ment of the Lord's Supper. A lecture was delivered in this as in all churches. Of course the preacher did not deliver himself in Yankee accent, and his full frontiersman's beard did not disguise the fact that he was a Scotchman. The transfiguration of Christ was his theme, which he treated ably if not with especial eloquence. How can a man be eloquent in a sermon? The "reticent vault" and sent its sweet, strong surges around the great pillars, comforted the heart of the stranger with the simplicity and truth of feeling which pervaded it. One couplet of one of the hymns was worth a place on every page of the tourist's guide-book:—

"Lead them on me, I do not ask to see The distant scene, one step enough for me."

I took great pleasure in a visit to the "necropolis" in the rear of the cathedral. This cemetery is laid out at great expense on a bold rise of ground, and contains a better monument to John Knox than the former's own city, Edinburgh. While in the cemetery a funeral procession started one as it entered the noble gateway because of its style. Four fiery, coal-black steeds drew the rich hearse, and one of the leaders was reined in by a groom who rode him. From the groom's hat floated an immense mourning scarf, and his book-keeping was a noble sight. The whole was a very bright spot in an else very sombre landscape, where not even the marble could lay claim to anything lighter than an old meerschaum pipe.

In leaving the neighborhood, I called at the Wesleyan house, but was not permitted to see the master because of the sickness. His lady greeted me politely but chilly, and spoke in a discouraged tone of Wesleyanism in Scotland. She informed me that the Irish population furnish a very strong element in their Church. The Scotch are shy towards it, and when they are drawn in, she complained that they make poor Methodist converts. I asked her if Dr. Lowry, who had been holding meetings there, and had just left for York, England.

This is a very musical city, and amid the prevalent trading spirit there are quite a number of bright spots for art. I had the pleasure, in one of the picture galleries, of seeing one of the strongest demonstrations of woman's possibilities in art the world has—Miss Thompson's battle-piece, "The Return from the Charge of Balaclava." It seems that it conquered Russia's prejudices against woman's artistic genius. It was a successful charge on her part against the iron critic. He praises its mingling of delicacy and power, its soft and natural sky, the intense power of expression in the faces and figures, and the mastery of all details. Grant's name has been mentioned to me more than once with great respect. In conversation with a Scotch sailor aboard the steamer, he showed as much zeal for the ex-President as though he himself had always voted the Grant ticket. So spreads political conviction even like cholera across oceans and continents.

WATSON W. SMITH.

FROM "CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN."  
MR. EDITOR: I have an impression that it might not be altogether out of place in the HERALD to give a short sketch of what transpired on a circuit I traveled in 1840. This circuit embraced three towns, Norridge-wood, Madison and Solon. I had my fears when I received my appointment, that I should not meet the expectations of the people, but I mustered up courage, and by much prayer I was enabled to enter upon the labors of that large circuit. The brother that preceded me labored hard with but little apparent success. He urged the people at every appointment to give to the cause, and at the close of the year he had received only about one-half of the estimate.

When I went to the circuit, I resolved to take a different course, and say nothing about my support, but leave that altogether to those who duty it was to attend to the financial matters. I announced by saying we must have one hundred souls converted. I accordingly went at the work with all my might, but after laboring as best I could for a number of weeks, and seeing no visible signs of a revival, I became somewhat discouraged; so much so that, with tears, I wrote a letter to Elder Nickerson, saying that there must have been a mistake in sending me here, and requesting him to remove me from this charge. I folded and directed the letter, but did not put it into the office.

I thought myself, however, that I had visited all the families in the village of Norridge-wood, and I resolved I would do before I sent my letter to the Presiding Elder. During this round of visiting, I called on a pious old lady, not a member of the M. E. Church, who said she prayed every day for the ministers that they might not get discouraged, but have success.

The old lady's speech encouraged me much. I immediately appointed a protracted meeting in the place, which resulted in the conversion of a few souls. Among those who made a public profession at that meeting was a dear brother of mine, whose age was 62. He lived his religion thirty-one years, and died in the faith, aged 93. He was the father of Revs. Stephen and Charles F. Allen—the former a member of Maine, the latter of East Maine Conference. This was the beginning of better days on the circuit. Other interesting incidents during that year I will reserve for another time, showing how it was that one hundred souls were converted, and salary all paid.

## FROM FLORIDA.

Our old friend, Brother John Bent, sent me a recent (November) camp-meeting in the "land of oranges."—

"We arrived there during the morning service; and, as we approached the ground, our ears caught the sound of one of those old familiar tunes that we had so often heard at old Eastham and Hamilton. As soon as the services at the stand were over, the Presiding Elder, to whom we had previously had an introduction, came to us, with several of the preachers, and after introducing us to them, he said a cordial welcome, and told us he had made provision for us while we remained. There were some ten or twelve large tents; but, instead of canvas, they were made of split pine lumber. They were very comfortable, and afforded a better protection from rain than canvas. Each tent's company brought their own provisions already cooked; so there was no cooking done, save to make coffee. It seemed to be their custom to provide both food and lodging for all strangers. Their Christian hospitality in this respect exceeded anything we had ever met with in our camp-meetings. The preachers' stand and the seatings for the audience were covered with a canvas, 40 feet by 70, but open at the sides. The services were conducted very similarly to our New England camp-meetings. The preaching was able and earnest, and had the true old Methodist ring in it. The singing, also, was good. At the altar, and in all the prayer-meetings, they sang, and sang heartily, the Moody and Sankey and other soul-

spring tunes and hymns. Indeed, I could not see the difference between a Methodist camp-meeting South, and a Methodist camp-meeting North. They preached the same; they sang the same; they gave the same Gospel invitation to penitent seekers; they offered the same prayers; and when penitents found pardon, they gave the same exultant shout. I noticed but this one difference: In the love-feast and in the prayer-meetings the sisters seldom took part except in singing. We heard the testimony of but two sisters during the entire meeting. The preaching and the exhortations at the altar were able, pungent and to the point. Especially so were the sermons of the Bishop, Doctor Haygood and the Presiding Elder. Large numbers of penitents came forward at every altar service, and many professed to find pardon.

One thing pleased us very much: At the close of the communion service on Sunday evening, Doctor Haygood, who had charge, said he understood there were present some colored brothers and sisters who had not come forward. He said the invitation was alike to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, without reference to color or condition. He invited them most cordially to come forward, and made some most touching remarks with reference to the devout piety of some of the colored people of his acquaintance. Several came forward and received the communion.

## Our Book Table.

No book of the season will be read with more interest than REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF DANIEL WEBSTER, by Peter Harvey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo, 480 pp. The volume contains two portraits—one of Mr. Webster at twenty-two—a very handsome young man, with large, deep eyes, a pensive look, and a very attractive face; and another the farmer and fisherman of Marshfield, with slouched hat, high boots, short sack coat, and tall staff, but with the unmistakable eye and mouth of the great lawyer and statesman. No work of fiction of the hour has had the fascination of this unadorned recital of personal incidents, autobiographical recollections, and familiar conversations gathered up by one of the most intimate companions of the later years of Mr. Webster. A singular attachment grew up between the two, than whom no two persons could be more diverse from each other. Mr. Harvey was the companion of Mr. Webster's hours of relaxation from business; his periods of recreation, when he was entirely unburdened himself, and opened up to his hearty and generous friend the remarkable confidences disclosed in this very entertaining volume. Nothing can be more touching than the exhibition of personal affection towards Mr. Harvey, the dying orator during his last hours. The volume is not a memoir, or the unvarnished record of every conversation and passing remark, like Boswell's Johnson, but a choice selection from the most vivid and characteristic sayings, the criticisms of the great lawyer upon his noted cases, and upon his competitors at the bar, the amusing incidents connected with his early legal experience, and his inner life in some of the graver hours of his history as a statesman. Mr. Webster told a story admirably, and always made a distinct and readily-apprehended point. His biography has preserved many, but only too few, of these. The volume brings back Mr. Webster very vividly to all who have known him. The events of his early life, his home and school life, and the opening of his professional career, are many of them, new, and all happily related. Time has softened the political exasperations of the last years of Mr. Webster's life, and this delightful volume brings him back again as he was a few years before—the idol of New England, a man of marvelous intellectual grasp, of broad culture, of unrequited presence, and of inimitable power and grace of oratory. The closing chapters are pathetic in the extreme. The whole book is a rare addition to the rich literary biographies of the hour, and will doubtless enjoy the widest circulation of them all.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin publish a fine holiday book, in large type, with profuse illustrations, entitled, JUNGLE, PEAK AND PLAIN: A Boy's Book of Adventures, by Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. The volume is a royal 8vo, price \$1.50, for sale by J. P. Magee. It is a record of stirring scenes in the Greenhills, in Africa, and among the Indians of the West Indies. It is a capital and wholesome boy's book.

Our readers are many of them, familiar with the books of Amanda M. Douglas. She is a good story-teller, her themes are well-selected, and her pictures of life and manners are wholesome. Lee & Shepard issue from her pen, FROM HAND TO MOUTH. 12mo, 322 pp., price \$1.50. It is a story of suffering, patience, diligence and triumph, softened by love, and ending gratefully.

From the same publishers we have a volume of sea stories—real sketches of adventures in whaling voyages, with accounts of visits to the various ports, the world's round, touched by the ship on her voyage. It is entitled, THREE SHE BLOWS: The Log of the Arcturion, by Capt. W. H. Macy, of Nantucket. It is a lively story—such as, when a boy, we often heard of the old island of Nantucket. No boy could sleep until he finished it. Price \$1.50.

The same publishers send out, in their Young America Abroad Series, ISLES OF THE SEA; or, Young America's Homeward Bound (16mo, 372 pp.), by Oliver Optic. They touched—the returning adventures—at the Madeira, Canary, Azores, and Cape Verde Islands. These are the best of Mr. Adams' popular books. They have evidently been prepared with care, and are full of information as well as fun.

Lee & Shepard publish, from the always welcome-to-young-people pen of Sophie May, QUINCEBERRY GIRLS. 16mo, 326 pp., price \$1.50—a charming and natural relation of country scenes among happy children. A mute lady is among the prominent characters, happily portrayed, and the book is touchingly dedicated to Laura Bridgman.

Henry T. Williams, New York, publishes THE LADIES' GUIDE TO NEEDLE WORK AND EMBROIDERY. 12mo, 168 pp.; a very handy little manual for our young ladies who have time to engage in ornamental needle work for themselves, for sale, or for charity. It seems to cover the whole field, from the parson's slipper to the ornate Panama canvas, and the most delicate lace work.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have republished a rare and interesting volume, which has long been out of print, POETRY FOR CHILDREN, by Charles and Mary Lamb, with Prince Dorus, and several uncollected poems, by Charles Lamb. This delightful little volume has been edited by Richard H. Shepherd. A full introduction is given, and valuable annotations. 16mo, 224 pp., price \$1.25. For sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co.

CREED AND CONDUCT, AND OTHER DISCOURSES, by O. B. Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, 282 pp., price \$1.00.

There are twelve discourses by one of the most pronounced of our modern teachers of naturalism in religion. To him Christ has become a burden, and revealed religion is effete; but all the religious flavor of his well-written essays, and all the rightness of his life and the grace of his habitual temper, are simply due to the Christian blood in his veins, the Scriptural atmosphere he has breathed, and the early restraints and instructions of a home where Christ was loved, if not adored. Mr. Frothingham devoted one of his essays to show that freedom of thought does not always engender looseness of life. This depends. It did in Paris. It will anywhere where the natural influences of unrestrained will, as well as reason, have an opportunity fully to express themselves. Mr. Frothingham's style is charming, his positions as to revealed truth audacious, his prophecies the bold speculations of one whose visions are bounded by the things which are seen. He will pass away, and Christ will forever abide.

The Congressional Publishing Society issues, as additions to their Sunday-school list, DAVID KENT'S AMBITION, by Joy Allison. His ambition was finally to be the Lord's servant forever, reached after much wholesome discipline—an interesting and wholesome story.

From the same house we have LOTTIE, by Mrs. M. F. Butts. Lottie was the daughter of poverty. Her father dying, she was obliged, with her mother, to leave her pleasant home; but the God of the widow and fatherless was her protector, and the pleasant story tells of his providential care.

There is one periodical that has no competitor. That is the NURSERY, published by our neighbor, John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield Street. It is the best edited, best illustrated, and best printed and published little monthly in the land. Here is a year of it bound, and it makes, also, one of the best holiday gifts.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish HIS GRANDCHILD: A Tale of North Harbour, by M. M. Pollard. This story illustrates the sweet words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

J. R. Osgood & Co. publish, in a handsome pamphlet, four well-considered, good papers of Franklin W. Smith upon THE HAND-REMEDY: Agricultural Development in the True Remedy. These essays appeared in the columns of the Advertiser, and attracted considerable attention. They well deserve their present permanent form.

Geo. W. Carleton & Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition of the humorous volume of Mr. Carleton, entitled, OUR ARTIST AT CUBA, SPAIN AND ALGERIA. The cuts tell the story, and the short explanatory letter-press hardly being necessary. It is a very amusing recreation for an hour of rest from more serious pursuits, to laugh over these very significant caricatures. For sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

James R. Osgood & Co. add to their Artist Biography a good sketch of the famous Spanish painter, Murillo. The biographical sketches are prepared by M. F. Sweetser, and are gleaned from a wide field of literature. This is the first life of the artist published in this country. Price 50 cents. They also add to POEMS OF PLACES, edited by Henry W. Longfellow, two volumes upon Germany. These descriptive poems of the varied scenes of the Fatherland are chiefly from English and German poets; and the selection, as a whole, is one of the finest of the list.

William Deaton, of Wellesley, has been at the expense of publishing, on good paper and in fair type, a spiritualistic and naturalistic life of Jesus Christ. He accounts for all that he admits to be authentic in the Gospels, without difficulty, upon natural principles; and a fine mess he makes of it. He calls his book, WHAT WAS HE? or, Jesus in the light of the Nineteenth Century. 16mo, 229 pp.

L. Lophop & Co. publish a nice little book for Sunday girls, called, FLORES AND BOSSY STORIES, by Margaret H. Eckerson—quite wonderful stories, well told, little ones of both persuasions—male and female—will open their eyes to hear.

Noyes, Snow & Co. issue another of Edward Abbott's very entertaining and wholesome little books for quite young children. The series is called, THE LONG LOOK BOOKS. This volume is called, "Out Doors at Long Look." It tells all about very juvenile farming, and the tools to be used, and the nice times of the children at Long Look had. The volume is nicely illustrated with silhouette pictures.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN: Can it be Effected? How Young? Will They Remain Steadfast? Means to be Used, When Received, How Trained. By Rev. Edward P. Hammond, M. A. Introduction by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. New York: N. Tibbals & Son. 12mo, price \$1.50. No preacher has been more successful in awakening the consciences of children than Mr. Hammond. We may question the wisdom of some of his modes, but God has honored him as an instrument in bringing many hundreds of children into the warm bosom of the Church. This interesting volume records the incidents attending his labors among them; his manner of address, with ample illustrations, taken from those in whose Churches he has rendered efficient service, and from young disciples. Altogether, it is a useful and suggestive volume.

Henry Hoyt, of Cornhill, publishes SELECT NOTES FOR THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSONS FOR 1878, by F. N. and M. A. Poloulet. Those that have used the previous exegetical and practical notes compiled by Rev. Mr. Poloulet and his wife, have expressed great satisfaction with them. The notes are gathered from numerous sources, their authors being indicated. They bring out the meaning of the text to be studied, and suggest its personal application. The same authors have prepared a series of questions upon the lessons for next year—one for older, one for younger, and one for infant scholars. Our schools cannot lack for text-books or aids in bringing out the precious truths of Revelation, as arranged for the forthcoming lessons.

THREE YEARS AT WOLVERT







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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1877.

We go to press on the eve of the day which the Church catholic has quite generally accepted, not as the exact date of the birth of the wonderful Christ-child, but as the period of the year when this marvelous event shall be observed with special and appropriate services. It is the significant hour when the poor, as well as the rich, open their treasures in the presence of childhood, according to the last prophecy of the Old Testament, that He would "turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers." It is a sublime, world-wide exhibition of faith in the historical authority of the New Testament, and the divinity of that astonishing Birth which has changed the world's era and placed His name as a signet upon Christendom. It is a simple and perpetual family and Christian sacrament until He come again, not as the Infant of humanity—the Son of Man—but the King of saints, to be crowned the Lord of men and angels. He comes, Himself, with the day. There is a solemn sanctity as well as gladness in the hold joy in the hour. With loving friends and arms full of gifts, with happy home-welcomes and embraces, silently, but not obtrusively, the blessed God himself enters if not forbidden, and pronounces His divine benediction upon the occasion. Leave Him not outside the doors. Call Him in with loving and prayerful thankfulness, and let Him spread His hands over the household and the gifts to be bestowed, and the home joy will become like the bliss of heaven. Then go with Him to some family left outside the inn, and bear to them gifts for Him; and see how the light of His face can transform the dwelling of poverty into a mount of transfiguration!

The greatest miracle of Christianity is Christ himself. To remove others from the canon is useless while this primal and crowning wonder remains: A man performs the works of God. An unlettered man becomes the teacher of the world, the founder of a new and higher moral order. An obscure man, born and trained in the little country of Judea, founds a religious empire which supplants that of the Caesars, and is destined to absorb those of all other earthly potentates. Without sword, or spear, or purse, this Man's disciples fill the world, and His doctrine distills as the dew or the small rain upon the mown grass. Of all the ancient teachers He is the only one whose doctrines anticipated the civilization and the deep, spiritual wants of man; the only one who with a clear eye appears to have seen the end from the beginning; the only one whose plans spanned at once the world of matter and of time. Surely such an one is the grandest miracle of Humanity.

Do our Sunday-school conventions, parliaments and congresses, give adequate importance to the mission element, either as a means of spreading the Gospel in dark parts of the earth, or as a vital branch of culture for the young souls gathered into schools? The first lesson, of course, to be imparted to these young innocents is the story of the Cross, its purpose, and the personal appropriation of its efficacy. But the next step should surely be in the line of the second great commandment; and the blessed words, "Freely ye have received, freely give," be engraven on plastic hearts just at a period when impressions will be as enduring as the substance of the soul. Multitudes of our schools are doing nobly along this line, and all our missionary enterprises owe a great proportion of their support to the Church's nurseries. If the matter is not everywhere thoroughly understood, as it is not, the fault lies not so much in the schools as in the conventions. Here gather the young, untaught teachers of the State, county, or town, for the express purpose of learning better methods of pursuing the work to which they have devoted themselves. Here they doubtless get a great deal of help and go back to their classes strengthened, refreshed, invigorated. What a pity that they should not also carry away some intelligent ideas concerning the best methods of interesting their scholars in the spiritual needs of the neglected around them, and of the heathen in the countries with which their geographies familiarize them. What a pity that among the eloquent and popular speakers, seated at great pains and expense, to draw together large audiences and interest them when gathered, those hours should not be set apart for the intel-

ligent consideration of the wisest and most effective methods of spreading the teachings of the Bible and bringing them home to the largest possible number of souls. Might not Chautauqua spare a day from Greek and Hebrew, to plan, prayerfully and wisely, how the Sunday-school can best do its part in obeying the great command to preach the Gospel to every creature? Wells Island and Clear Lake and the rest would all follow in its train, and the State and county conventions would be quite sure to follow suit. In this way, the missionary element would become, as it should be, the leading thought of both Sunday-school and Church, and that blessed hour would hasten when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

We rarely read a more pathetic editorial than one we fell upon, last Thursday morning, in one of our daily papers. It was entitled New York Liquor Troubles, and it was enough to draw pity from a heart of stone to read its melancholy statements of the sad straits into which the highly-estimable dram-sellers of New York have been brought. They have become the subjects of the most outrageous persecution imaginable. A fearful conspiracy has been arrayed against them, headed by that hot-headed and reckless man, Dr. Howard Crosby, Presbyterian clergyman, and chancellor of New York University. It is appalling to the writer to be forced to believe that there are people who seem to think that liquor dealers have no right to consideration. How horrible it is to see that the Police commissioners, against the almost frantic entreaties of Mayor Elv, and the threatened interposition of Governor Robinson, insist upon the execution of law! Who ever heard of such impudence—especially of the execution of a liquor law, even though it be a limp, lavender license law in a city! What is more heart-rending is the fact, the writer states, that "men testify to heavy losses day by day, which are ruining them [We must throw in, in brackets, although we spoil the sentence, God be praised!], while others have been obliged to close restaurants, the appointments and running expenses of which were adapted to a large business in liquors!" Think of that, and if you have tears prepare to shed them now! The writer has a gleam of hope. "Something may yet have to be done to protect the community against these infamous combinations of irresponsible condition of these liquor sellers, when exposed to the violence of Dr. Crosby and his mob of ministers and temperate citizens, calmly insisting upon the execution of the law! The lamb must not be permitted to lay its paw upon the wolf! But what about the innumerable, unprotected wives and orphans made by liquor drinking? What has our editor to say for the poor wretches that have lost their manhood in these dens of wild beasts? The rights of liquor dealers, indeed!

You are in the midst of the last week of the year. Its record is about closed. Its lost opportunities cannot be recalled, but a thoughtful and penitent remembrance of them will be wholesome. We may well call to mind, with heartfelt gratitude, the patient and abundant goodness of God. How far below our purpose as the year opened upon us, has been our consecration to God. The heavenly Father has been unceasing in His remembrance of us. How poor our response seems to us to have been to Him, as we look back upon the fast receding months. Blessed is this truth which Christmas brings to us, in these solemn days, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." It is an hour of tender and solemn renewal of the covenant, of redeeming of time, and of the hearty yielding of ourselves, moved by the mercies of God, as a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto Him.

The observance of Christmas as a sacred day is a rational and salutary practice. The Epiphany was the initiative of a new and universal moral order as was the creation of a material world. To this all the preceding ages looked forward with prophetic expectancy; to all the succeeding ones turn back as to a divine illumination, a new centre of power, a source of loftier inspiration, the beginnings of a holy life to be unfolded among all people. Jesus Christ was the world-man, the one being of all the descendants of Adam who combined in Himself the multiplex features of the race, and who sends forth as by a sacred efflux spiritual influences which are to quicken, elevate and renovate the family of man, in its diverse and widespread departments. In these respects He was unlike other men—was more than man. What other man is the history of the race stands as such a centre of moral and spiritual force? To what other man can you trace back as to the spring-head, the multiplied streams of benevolent effort? To what other being can you point who has been a perpetual benediction to the world? Verily, in a sense higher than that applicable to any other, is He the Saviour of the world; and His advent into our world may well be celebrated by the subjects of His grace and love.

Jesus Christ is the incarnation of mystery. He is very man, flesh of our flesh, and at the same time God manifest in the flesh. To render the relations of the two natures clear and explicable would be to remove the divinity from His person; to believe in Him as the salvation of God despite the mystery, is the perfection of faith.

The day of our Lord's advent should be to you more than a historical event. He came into our world not only to establish a moral order in society, but to kindle a new life in the individual soul. To you as well as to men in general He came, as a light, a help, a personal salvation. You need not only to hear of Christ in a historical way, but to feel Him near, to receive Him into your heart by faith, and to enjoy His grace and love.

Jesus Christ alone satisfies the desire and longing felt by the nations for a spiritual illumination, a divine Guide in the darkness of this life.

## ANCIENT MYCENAE.

Four years ago, a friend, passing a short time in Athens, was introduced by one of the accomplished Greek missionary preachers, to Dr. Henry Schliemann. He called at his house, a very pretty American-looking dwelling, with pleasant grounds around it, where the Doctor now makes his residence. He had just completed his remarkable researches and discoveries on the site of ancient Troy and on the Trojan Plain. Just at the time of the visit, the Doctor was writing under the severe criticisms and suggestions of doubt as to the accuracy of his statements of discoveries upon classic lands and the confirmation of Homeric incidents which he asserted he had found, by certain German writers. At that time, however, strong and intelligent advocates had appeared in England, where afterwards his very interesting and valuable work upon Troy and its remains was published, under the able supervision of Philip Smith, author of the History of the Ancient World, who introduced the work with a very convincing and able preface.

Dr. Schliemann was very hearty in his welcome to a scholar from the United States, exhibiting some of his richest Homeric spoils from the Trojan fields. He prides himself upon being a citizen of this country. Just before the discovery of the gold fields in California, he had completed his professional studies, and was struggling with the usual discouraging incidents in the early life of a young practitioner. The announcement of the wonderful opportunities offered on the distant Pacific coast of America, arrested his eye. He had nothing to lose, so he started for the golden prize. His was one of the exceptional instances. He secured a comfortable fortune, and then turned back to pursue the favorite studies of his life. His success in Asia Minor naturally suggested to him the examination of the Grecian sites, whither the returning Homeric warriors came. He made many very interesting and valuable examinations of ancient and long-concealed remains of classic days, in Athens and its vicinity; but his great work was completed upon the opposite Grecian peninsula—on the plains of Argos, and on the site of the very ancient, long-ruined and buried city of Mycenae.

The results of the labors of this indefatigable Homeric scholar and his accomplished wife, who heartily seconded all his labors, and shares with him in the work of overseeing his army of stupid workmen, in this last field, have been astonishing in the extreme. Not only has he brought to light the cyclopean walls, and vaults, and temples, and tombs of prehistoric days, discovered wonderful illustrations of very ancient art and idolatry, secured very valuable articles in bronze and gold, but he presents to the amazed world of Greek students the supposed remains of King Agamemnon, with their golden mask, and of Cassandra who accompanied him, from Troy, and who together were fondly murdered in his city of Mycenae, and in the palace, by Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, upon the king's return from the Trojan war. It is the most natural thing in the world to doubt the fact of such discoveries, and to dispute the adequate foundation for the inference where certain remarkable premises are stated. The German press at first was full of distrust upon the matter and ridiculed the pretensions of the enthusiastic discoverer. But English scholars, like Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, and Mr. Gardner, made personal examinations of the results of Dr. Schliemann's work, and bore unqualified testimony as to its value, the truthfulness of his statements, and the probability of the correctness of his inferences, in the *Times* newspaper and in the *Academy*. It was, of course, to be supposed that an ardent Homeric scholar as Mr. Gladstone would not remain an uninterested spectator of this disclosure of the covered relics of thirty centuries ago, when Grecian heroes were enacting the scenes that the blind old poet of Scio afterwards sang in immortal verse, and definitely settling the question as to the reality of the incidents recited in these glowing verses. He was greatly interested in the revelations on the plains of Troy, and wrote in strong commendation of the courage, perseverance and intelligence of the indefatigable student of hidden antiquities.

When the later, and even more remarkable, revelations in Greece were announced, he confessed that he received them with considerable suspicion, especially the declared discovery of the tomb and remains of "Agamemnon, king of men." Earnestly pressed by Dr. Schliemann to write an introduction to his work, recounting his labors and their results at Mycenae, he reluctantly commenced the labor of personal examination of the facts, with a strong skeptical bias in his mind. As he prosecuted the study, he became more and more convinced of the remarkable value of the discoveries that had been made. He assured himself perfectly that the long-hidden and extraordinary ruins were prehistoric. He found among them remarkable illustrations of the records of Homer, and finally reached the conclusion in reference to the tombs and remains of Agamemnon, that the probabilities were in its favor; that it would be easier to prove its genuineness than the contrary.

Great interest was excited in Greece, as well as among classic scholars throughout Christendom, by these remarkable revelations. The King of Greece telegraphed to the successful grave-opener of antiquity his hearty congratulations, when his chief discovery was announced, and the faculty of the University at Athens expressed the liveliest interest in the prosecution of the work. That tireless traveler, and rarely accomplished emperor, Dom Pedro II of Brazil, visited the scene of these strange disclosures, personally and thoroughly inspecting them, as is his wont, and expressed his hearty satisfaction with the interpretation given to them. He also consented to permit his name to be placed upon the volume recounting the story of Dr. Schliemann's labors and their results. And so, to Dom Pedro, "with the profound respect of the author," the great work is dedicated. The volume, one of the finest and most valuable brought out in this season, is published in England and in this country simultaneously. It is issued from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and makes a stout, royal octavo of 384 pages. It is published upon rich and heavy paper, in large type with broad margins, and is illustrated with maps, plans, and over seven hundred representations of objects found in the royal sepulchres and upon the site of the ancient, but long-buried city. This sumptuous volume is sold for \$12, and is equally interesting for the light it throws upon what has heretofore been esteemed the mythical history of the Homeric period, and as a work of art illustrating the social and æsthetic life of the very ancient people whose household implements are here brought to light. The illustrations are admirably executed and printed, and the whole volume is a magnificent illustration of the perfection which has been reached in modern typographical art. To fully enjoy this noble work, one needs to read over afresh the Iliad and Odyssey, and then he will recover on these pages, with pleasant surprise, the actual symbols described in the flowing and eloquent lines of the great bard.

*Ancient Mycenae: Discoveries on the Sites of Mycenae and Tiryns by Dr. Henry Schliemann With a Preface by the Honorable William E. Gladstone. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co.*

## A GREAT TRUTH.

The doctrine of the omniscience of God, while a "terror to evil-doers," is "very full of comfort" to His own children. It is necessarily implied by the infinitude of God. The infinitude of God is a general attribute of His being, which applies to all His individual, or particular attributes. Applied to His power, it is omnipotence; to His presence, it is omnipresence; to His knowledge, it is omniscience. It implies, logically, some of the most sublime and consolatory lessons; for these postulates of the Godhead beyond not merely to the sphere of metaphysical theology; they are grandly suggestive of practical inferences.

Let us not suppose, for a moment, that such phrases come to us from the hyperbolic idioms of the East; they are really attempts to get at exact expressions of the divine nature. God is the Absolute, and when we speak of His omniscience, we mean literally that He knows all things. It follows, then, that the smallest as well as the greatest things—literally, nothing, however small, can escape His cognizance. For, if anything, however small, should escape His notice, then He would be, so far, short of omniscience, or all-knowing; and to be, in any degree, short of infinite knowledge, would imply that He is finite in knowledge. As some one has said, to be finite is to be infinitely short of infinity; for the finite has a limit, the infinite has no limit. To miss the target by one inch is to miss "it as really as to miss it by a hundred inches."

It is, then, not merely a fact, but a necessity, that God, as infinite in knowledge, or omniscient, should know the smallest thing as well as the greatest, should take cognizance of the minutest atom in the drop of water, as of the tallest archangel before His throne in the seventh heaven. Seest thou not, then, O child of God, what this means for thee, even for thee, in thy conscious humiliation and lowness; thy sinfulness and fears; thy distrust of the divine care; thy dread of what thou hast erroneously called the contingencies of life?

How rich this subject is in implied lessons! We see, in its light at once, not merely the exceeding comfort, but the really philosophic and literal truthfulness of those passages of Scripture which assure us that the poor little sparrow cannot fall to the earth without the notice of your Father; that the very "hairs of your head are all numbered" by Him. They are numbered, not only on account of the graciousness of His nature, but of its very necessity. You understand, then, why you, even you, though you may be the lowliest of all His children, may "cast your burden upon the Lord," because "He careth for you," even for you; and by reason of His very Godhead, cannot help caring for you.

One of the grandest proofs of the Christian religion is this necessary connection, this compatibility of its teachings one with another; this implication and confirmation of its small truths (so-called) by its greatest; this "analogy of the faith," as the old theologians used to call it. All those precious, minute truths about the Heavenly Father's care of the lowliest individual child of His; His care of the falling sparrow; His numbering the

hairs of our heads; His answer of individual prayer; His providence (wrongly called special providence), extending to our smallest interests—all are philosophically true and necessary as corollaries of the Christian and only rational conception of the divine nature, of the Absolute, the Infinite. The Christian metaphysics herein become the highest Christian ethics; and dogmatic theology becomes experimental and practical theology.

Yes, indeed, how ethical the subject becomes, looked at in its real logic! Thus seen, no sin is too small for this awful scrutiny. No evasion of His judgment can be hoped for in all this universe; no penitent's prayer can fall of His gracious notice; no good deed, however obscure, can fall of His regard and compensation; no good, misunderstood and suffering man can be misunderstood of Him or fail of His vindication in the last day; no trial or grievance of His humblest child can fall of His paternal sympathy and blessing. If the hairs of our heads are all numbered, what then, of our sins, our repentant tears, our prayers, our good endeavors, our trials—are they not numbered? And if we have such a God and Father, what shall we fear, in life, in death, in eternity? "If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

How would you feel if you had, vested in your own person, omniscience so as to know perfectly what is best for you; omnipotence, so as to be able to command whatsoever is thus desirable; omnipresence, so as to be always on hand where any of your interests required you? Would you have one anxious thought again in this poor world? Now, though you have not these powers, yet your God and Father has; and He has pledged them all for your safety and comfort. He has put them all at the command of your prayers. You are just as well off, then, as you could be did you wield them all yourself. Though you sometimes think that, had you His power, you would do otherwise for yourself than He seems to do, yet had you His wisdom as well, you would do precisely what He does for you; you would see it to be best, as He does. Believe this, and trust, and pray on. Commit your ways unto Him, and He will direct your paths. In the darkest hour believe this, and walk quietly forward; for remember that this is your pilgrimage, your probation. You need, as a reclaimed sinner, preparation for the inconceivable blessedness He has in reserve for you. Let Him guide you in that preparation, though it be through fire or water. For our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

## THE APPEAL TO SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.

Every one must have noticed how constantly Joseph Cook appeals to "self-evident truth." "Religious axioms" play as important a part in his logic as other axioms do in mathematics. This style of reasoning recognizes human nature as one of the sources of religious knowledge, and seeks to find a place for every Christian doctrine in the intuitive judgment of men. This mode of thinking is, perhaps, one of the marked characteristics of our age, and Joseph Cook is only taking hold, with the hand of a master, of the religious thought of the times is feeling after; that is, forms of religious truth that fit its own intuitions and experiences. In looking over the older forms of theological teaching, one cannot help feeling that there is a great deal that is artificial about them. A doctrinal system may be linked together with close and consistent logic; it may be sustained by pages of unanswerable argument and proof texts; yet it fails to find a response in the human mind, or to find a place in the human instincts. It bears the marks of human mechanism too plainly to satisfy entirely the thoughtful. From this mechanical theology of the schoolmen, and from what remained of it in our more modern creeds, there was naturally a recoil in several different directions. This recoil did not come from any new interpretation of Scripture, but from the instincts of the human heart.

So there has been called for a re-examination of the whole field of religious thought in the light of "self-evident truth;" and the best thinkers of the age have been trying to find a place for the doctrines of the Gospel in the consciousness of men. It is assumed that God has not left Himself without witness in the human heart, and that the truth of God must be fitted to the instincts of men. This method seeks to find the correspondence between God's revealed Word and the mind which He made to receive that Word. It assumes that the provisions of God's grace must be adapted to the exigencies of man's need.

It is not just to confound this method of religious investigation with what is usually called rationalism. Rationalism, as technically understood, is evolving a theological system entirely out of the intuitions of men, and the teachings of nature. It recognizes no supernatural source of knowledge whatever. A revealed religion may be just as rational as this ever can be; only it will have a broader scope and a higher source. It will reveal facts that lie outside our range of observation, and beyond the reach of human discovery. It will bring to light facts concerning our spiritual destiny, and the provisions of God's grace, which human intuition could never guess at, and human research could never find.

At the same time, what is revealed from above may exactly fit on to what is known below. It will be a part of the same scheme. What God was doing

for the salvation of men, it needed a revelation to make known. But the condition of character and life for which that salvation was adapted, is a matter of consciousness; and the revealed provision should fit the felt want. Whenever the Master spoke, every honest heart responded. His words were divine, but the human instincts felt at once their fitness. "He spake as never man spake," and yet every man appreciated what He said. "He knew what was in man," and therefore He could speak the fit word to touch man.

The religious teachers of the future must so apprehend the truth of God, that that truth shall be, in turn, apprehended of the intuitions of men. In the cumbersome systems that have come down to us, there are hidden grand truths. The problem is, to eliminate the divine truth from the human mechanism of genuineness. It needs only to be clearly seen, to be fully vindicated. He can best read the revelations of God who can best read the intuitions of men. He who best "knows what is in man," will be best able to know what has come from God. It is very true that our theological theories will be modified by the letting in of this fresh light from the human side; but the great fundamental features of evangelical truth will find a ready place in the wants and aspirations of the heart. The appeal to self-evident truth will not be in vain. There will be a response to the appeal; but the Word of God will remain unmoved by all these accessions of light. Heaven and earth will pass away, but not one jot or tittle of this "sure word of prophecy" until all be fulfilled.

## Editorial Items.

The *New Englander*, one of the most vigorous, as it is one of the freshest, of our American reviews, with its January number commences a new series, and is to be issued bi-monthly. It will have the same number of pages as heretofore, but will be able to keep more nearly abreast of the thought of the hour by this increase of dates of publication. The January number gives excellent promise as to the new life which is to be infused into its columns. We turn to the last article first, it being a review by an anonymous writer—who is said to be an eminent naturalist, of Orthodox opinions—of Joseph Cook's book on Omnipotence. It is one of the heartiest and most scorching criticisms upon both his matter and manner that we have yet read. If Mr. Cook's reputation depends upon his published lectures, he would make a much less pronounced impression upon the intellectual and literary world than he now does by his Monday lectureship. He is a forcible man. The platform is his throne of power. The recorded record does not fully justify the freely sprinkled applause and announcements of sensation. The writer in the *New Englander* shows little mercy towards him. His disgust at the apparent lack of good taste, the profuse rhetoric and appearance of superficiality, drives him almost to an extravagance of severity in his criticism, and blunders his perception of the marvelous power of comprehending facts, of grasping the relations of things, his wide reading, his majestic rhetoric at times, his glorious boldness, and his wonderful magnetic power over an audience.

The *New Englander* has also an able and satisfactory paper by Dr. Leonard Bacon upon the Political Outlook; a lively and discriminating review of Professor Shallop's *Poetical Interpretation of Nature*; a very rich and effective review of Tyndal's last audacious deliverance, by President Porter; with other, if not equally able, very instructive and suggestive contributions by other writers. Professor Hopkin has a paper on Dale's Lectures; an admirable article is given by the editor, W. L. Kingsley, upon the literature called forth by the present Eastern war, especially in its bearing upon Russia. The *New Englander* is published in New Haven by W. L. Kingsley, at \$4 a year.

In a very well and calmly-written article in the *Commercial Advocate* of San Francisco, Rev. O. Gibson, the M. E. missionary to the Chinese, a man of fine intelligence, much culture, and a devout Christian minister, reviews the memorial lately presented to Congress from California, and the address to the people of the United States, asking for the limitation of Chinese immigration to this country. The two principal statements of the memorial are, first, that the class of Chinese now coming to our Pacific shores are slaves, pariahs and the very lowest castes; and second, that all Christian efforts are lost upon them. By the most indisputable testimony of such men as S. Wells Williams, late American Secretary of Legation at Peking, and others, Mr. Gibson shows that the emigrating class among the Chinese is the agricultural; that there is no such thing as caste among them; that they may be poor, but are peaceable and easily governed. As to their amenability to Christian influence, Mr. Gibson, the Congregational and Baptist clergymen and associations, he shows, that very encouraging results have, in every instance, followed earnest effort on the part of Christian instructors to reach the Chinese. There is now a large number of devout Chinese Church members. Of the assertions of the memorial, Mr. Gibson says: "By them the honor of California is tarnished, the common sense of her decent people outraged, and Congress grossly insulted by this and other similar misrepresentations of material facts upon this grave question."

No better argument in favor of the value of creeds and carefully drawn trust-deeds for Churches could be made than the untended one found in the late letter of M. D. Conway to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, in reference to the present ecclesiastical disturbance among the English Independents. There are 1,600 of these Congregational ministers who are united in a common association without any very well-defined ecclesiastical powers. Their church policy is nearly all so decided as to secure orthodox preaching on the basis of the Westminster Confession in the pulpit. A new movement, however, has lately come to light, originating among ministers and influential laymen. A Union has been formed composed of these associated members, whose object is to break down, what they esteem to be, the bondage of creeds, and to liberate the pulpit from all ecclesiastical or doctrinal restraints. A leading clergyman is Rev. Mr. Pictou, of London, whose Church is not secured to orthodoxy by a trust deed; he has so far "emancipated" himself as to preach pantheism, to advocate a secular Sunday, and to reject all supernaturalism. A Mr. Ed-

ward Clodd, a young author of some note, one of the Union, is now engaged in preparing a revised Gospel, summarizing the New Testament record, and leaving out everything supernatural. At the annual assembly of the regular Congregational Union in Leicester lately, a meeting of this heterodox association was called for an unoccupied evening. This brought an open collision, and a very excited debate followed in the general assembly. The most sensible and assuaging speech was that of one Mr. Simon, who showed that a similar "liberal" movement sprang up in Germany some years since, and that, of the credulous Churches formed under its auspices, but thirty now remained, and these were dying out, being simply devoted to the propagation of atheism; very much the same result that attended the come-outer Churches formed in this country a quarter of a century since. The movement, however, was not interrupted by the discussion. The new Union was effected. It is intended to be a society within a Church, as Methodist was at first in the English Church. But there will be even less possibility of harmony between the two. They can no more dwell in unity together than light and darkness, or God and Belial. The parent body can only save itself by early, decisive and persistent resistance, at the expense of the exclusion of even valuable and excellently-tempered men. It is better that one suffer than thousands.

The Christmas and New Year's festival for needy children, which has so satisfactory results in its results in past years, will be given under the supervision of the committee of ladies and gentlemen, acting in connection with the board of government of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, in the Union Hall, 18 Boylston Street, on Tuesday afternoon, January 1st, to which will be invited three hundred and fifty or more children, nearly all of whom are in destitute circumstances, and to whom the Christmas season will bring no other festival. Ladies, gentlemen, and business firms who would like to render aid are respectfully invited to send contributions of clothing of all kinds (new or otherwise, for children and women), books, toys, games, etc., etc., materials to be made into garments, or money with which to purchase materials. Packages may be sent to the rooms of the Union, 18 Boylston Street, for "Children's Festival," or will be called for if requested. The earlier they are received the better.

The December number of the *Magazine of American History* (A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers), with index and title-page for the first volume, is now ready for delivery. It contains a valuable essay on Martial Law, by Asa Bird Gardner, Law Professor of the United States Military Academy, and a curious account of the prehistoric mounds found in the Island of Cuba. In the Biographical department there is a sketch of Marquis de Fleury, the hero of Stony Point, an account of Henry White, of his Majesty's council for New York, with a fine steel engraving of the Copley portrait of this colonial worthy, and an original view of the Cortland House, his country residence. To these are added some further reminiscences of the famous book auctioneer and wit, John Keese, by his son, William L. Keese. Capt. John Stuart's quaint and interesting diary of Gen. Lewis' expedition against the Indians, in 1774, is concluded. The November proceedings of the New York Historical Society, and a large number of literary notes close this unusually interesting number.

We have received from the Mission Rooms, New York, an admirable folded sheet prepared by Rev. J. T. Gracey, giving the organization and officers of the society, an epitome of the last annual report, and the condition of our various missions, with a long list of books on missionary themes, with a page of very suggestive topics for missionary concerns or for addresses, with suggestions as to taking collections, with Sunday-school missionary exercises.—In short, it is a very *multum in parvo* of missionary information. We suppose it is a very good thing, and, that it can be obtained at the Depository.

In the *National Sunday-school Teacher* for January, are the usual full and suggestive expository notes; the various departments furnish a storehouse of information, pertinent and necessary to an intelligent grasp of the lessons. Rev. E. A. Rand and Miss M. E. Winslow contribute good papers. The editing of the *National Sunday-school*, school news, children, and Sunday-school methods are admirable. Chicago: Adams, Blackmar & Lyon Pub. Co.

*Golden Hours*, in its initial number for 1878, greets its readers with one of the most attractive covers ever sent out by the Methodist Book Concern. Each month the heart of this cover will reveal a new picture full of meaning, and charming in effect. In the January contents we find an earnest of the intentions and ability of editor and publishers which shall be kept pure, bright and wholesome, and especially attractive because of these prime virtues. For this purpose we advise an early examination of this publication. Address Hildcock & Walden, Cincinnati, O.

Rev. A. S. Townsend, of Damariscotta, has been in the city for a few days, under the care of Dr. Williams, the celebrated oculist, who has performed a very delicate surgical operation for him upon one of his eyes. His friends will be happy to know that the important work is completed successfully, and that the eye will be saved. Everything is progressing finely.

About the hand-omitted Church paper we have seen this year is, "Our Christmas Tree," published by the M. E. Church in Wakefield, Mass.—Rev. E. A. Howard, the indefatigable pastor, being its editor. It has a number of columns of excellent miscellany, and a large list of "winnowed" advertisements. It is a success every way.

Dr. Vincent issues, through the Book Room, in four stout, interleaved pamphlets, his different courses of Normal Sabbath-school Lessons pursued at Chautauqua. This series presents the whole elaborate plan of Bible study at the great Sunday-school University course opened annually at Chautauqua, and can be studied under proper teachers anywhere.

The National Temperance Society publish some excellent Temperance Lesson Leaves prepared by Miss Julia Coleman, affording fine exercises for the inculcation of habits of abstinence. The society also issues very impressive illustrated one-page tracts.

Rev. H. F. A. Patterson, of Scarborough, has been very sick for the last five weeks. He still remains feeble. The prayers of the Church are earnestly requested in his behalf.

Eben Shute, 52 Bromfield Street, publishes, in pretty little quarto tracts, A New Year's Address to Sunday-school teachers, and one to Sunday-school scholars.







## The Family.

## WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. D. F. TERRY, D. D.

[Concluded.]

But the glory of this parish of Worthley Brook, for the half century past, has been its social character. All the families here, from the wealthiest to the poorest—though none have been really poor—have been noted for their hospitality and good cheer. Little neighborhood visitings, parties, and social gatherings have always been characteristic of the parish. Could we tell the reader of the huskings, quiltings, raisings, loggings, paring-bees, and similar demonstrations of neighborly love and friendship, we should give him an idea of social happiness long to be remembered; and then come the courtships—the wanderings by moonlight across the adjacent pine-covered plains, the walks up and down the pearly streamlet that gives the locality a name, and the sweet starlit rides to and from the elms growing near—which still throw their charm upon the scene and upon every person and thing connected with it. How many happy weddings, introductory to most happy and successful lives, have here been witnessed! What blessings, what little angels in disguise, have here sprung up within the precincts of so many loving families! All these families, and all connected with them, for the whole half century, with no memorable exception, have lived together in the kindest fellowship and the most loving charity. Well may it be known as the home of religion and the birthplace of ministers. If there is any spot within our knowledge demonstrative of the divine power and priceless value of true religion to a population, in making the people what they ought to be, Worthley Brook is the one we should select for the important demonstration.

Predominant as has been here the influence of a heartfelt religion, now for more than fifty years, it may be well to remind the youthful reader that it has never been a gloomy religion. The sun and the stars shine brightly here. The moon spreads here as soft a mantle of light over the scene as any locality known to mortals. The birds sing as sweetly, the air here is as full of music, as anywhere on the earth's surface; and the people are as cheerful and happy as the birds that chant this music to them. With his had his favorite seat at Worthley. We have read the wildfowls of Leigh Hunt, of Tom Hood, of Douglas Jerrold; the *bons mots* of the French and German wits; nor have we neglected to peruse such American men of genius as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the few others of our race given to this style of talking and writing; but we think we can truly say that we have here listened to more genuine humor, to sharper repartees, to quicker jets of fun, than any of these celebrated writers ever spoke or penned; and, on the whole, it is certain that we have laughed more, laughed longer and longer, laughed deeper and more uncontrollably, at Worthley Brook than we have ever laughed before, or expect ever to laugh again. One story-teller, in particular, whose fame in this way was once as wide as the limits of the State—a good Methodist, too, at that—we used to say evinced as much talent, or rather genius, in making out of little the most laugh-provoking anecdotes, and then in relating them to a roomful of listeners, as our favorite Shakespeare employed in writing his immortal comedies; and we were generally sustained in this opinion by those who knew him. Once, at the residence of one of our departed governors, we saw and heard him put the table in such a roar, that every guest of a large company was convulsed with laughter, and the governor himself lay rolling and shouting on the floor!

This little country neighborhood, in fact, has sometimes been called "the Empire," on account of the influence it has exerted on our State politics, and sometimes the "Happy Valley," because of the universal enjoyment reigning over it; and we do really believe that if Johnson's Rasselas had dwelt here, he never would have contrived to make a flying-machine to assist him in getting out of it. It is a place to stay in; and though our description gives but a faint idea of its real character, we will make amends for all deficiencies by saying, in conclusion, what we said at the start, that were we ever to write a real romance, we should take the substance of our story from this locality, and call the production by the name of "Worthley Brook."

It may come in our way, at another time, perhaps in the near future, to tell those numerous preachers who that sprang from this single country neighborhood, as well as to give some account of their positions and their works.

## HOLIDAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart—the secret anniversaries of the heart. When the full river of feeling overflows—the happy days unclouded to their close—the sudden joys that out of darkness start as flames from ashes; swift desires that dart like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

White as the gleam of a receding sail, White as a cloud that floats and fades in air, White as the whistling fly on a stream, Those tender memories are; a fairy tale Of some enchanted land we know not where, But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

H. W. Longfellow.

## A TRIP.

BY \*\*\*

[Concluded.]

The old man went to the home of the lady. The father, a tall, slim man, of rising fifty years, said to him:—

"Sir, you have come here. You have done me a great injury—or a kindness."

The old man bowed assent, and replied in substance as follows, or might well so do in keeping with his character:—

"Intending no injury I hope I have done you a kindness; but that can be known in the future alone. It will depend upon this young husband and his bride. All that is human changes from better to worse; or from worse, in this case, may it be—from good to better. Sir, if the latter, then will you see a favor has been done you."

But said the father, "I lose a daughter, a good child. Nine little bodies of my children sleep by her mother's side in yonder graveyard. A son, a younger daughter, and this one only are left me of the twelve in this bleak world. It is hard to part with this, my darling and my pride."

Such, in substance, were the father's words. He ceased; and the old man with a long, white beard bowed his head for a moment in thoughtful silence. Then, looking up into the black, sparkling eyes of the father of the bride, he said, or might have said, with a gentle but serious voice:—

"Ida will be your daughter still. I love her father. She can never forget you; she is good, and will not forsake you. No, never. Besides, she has won by her worth, and brought you a new son, who will prove, I trust, good and like herself, kind to you as years pass on. By the fear of God and lives faithful to each other, they will compass life's cares, burdens, sorrows, and duties, and sustain them the better for this union; as two joined by virtuous love can together better do so than one alone. Thus you gain, sir, a help for your Ida and a full-grown son for yourself, in a single hour. Hope well for the future and give a father's blessing to the children. Receive your new son and your daughter with him back again. They are both yours now."

Then to the children said the old man with a white beard, or might have said:—

"Love your father in his advancing years; forsake him not, nor neglect nor slight him as age shall enfeeble or bow him down. Many years he cannot be with you. Reverence his gray hairs. Let the sunlight of your love fall athwart his path in his sorrow and decrepitude. True to each other, be industrious, prudent, economical. Then spending your days in wisdom, integrity, and goodness, it will be consistent for your father in heaven to bless and prosper you. From the hand of a friend unknown you have received, carved wholly from wood, by a simple knife-blade, a curiously-wrought bird's nest with the pair of birds clinging to it with the deepest interest. As yet it is empty. But when it holds the little brood, it is suggested that the God-given instinct of both the parent birds will conspire to feed and protect them in their helplessness until they can cut the air with their wings and bear them company. So, the lesson of the birds and the nest you will not forget."

The old man, at the request of the father, read in a clear, distinct voice, "the Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son." Then he knelt in prayer for the father and the fragments of his family. Rising and turning to the bridegroom and the bride, he said:—

"Little is to be thought of the superstitions that are rife about a lowering, or a rainy, wedding-day. I have known many a pleasant journey that began in a storm. In the storms that gather on the path of wedded life there are many bills and breaks. If it be not always sunshine, the clouds will often have a silver lining." There is always sunshine above them, and it will come down when the winds of heaven sweep aside the curtains. After giving them his blessing, the old man with a long white beard bowed and retired.

On the next day the storm had passed over and a clear morning settled on the face of the sky. An hour had enabled us to pass the fine farms on our way to the wharf where the "Lady of the Lake" was still at her moorings. From her over-deck, the hotels and public buildings, with many a charming homestead, were soon seen gilded by the early sun. The steamer, in a shrill, musical note, bade adieu to the shore, and glided forth upon the tranquil expanse. Island after island of verdure intermingled with the graceful foliage of autumn, was passed and left far behind. As one stands on the upper deck of the boat, and takes into view the varied forms of the lake and its shores, its numberless capes and bays, its fifty islands or more, its border of hills and mountains, near and far, he will not fail to share the emotions which have charmed many as with a spell of rapturous enchantment as they have glided over the clear surface of this largest water-mirror in the Granite State. The Osprey, Gull, and other near mountains seem softly clad in mantles of variegated velvet. Far as the eye can peer, in one or two places, looms up to view northward, near the horizon, the peerless Mount Washington wreathed in his mantle of snow, doated about the twentieth of September and doated about the twentieth of the following June. On some of the mountain tops rest light blue mists and clouds as puffed wreaths of white worsted woven

by the sunlight with threads of silver. We touch the Wiers, and with a glance of ten minutes at the camp-ground with its new and neat cottages, then on the cars again, we are soon whence we started, in the snug home-city of Concord.

## SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet swift years, Like a leaf on the current east; With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as by one they go Into the past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the lamourous breeze hid, That lift the willow's long, golden lid, And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down, As fond as a lover's dream; As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat, As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass, Down the dim-lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread In the steps of the centuries long since dead, As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love. Shall we waste them in idle strife? Shall we trample under our ruthless feet These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet, By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let Make life's fair path of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweet, By the dusty way of life?

But never an angry word!—

—National Repository.

## LAST WEEK'S PAPER.

BY MISS MARY E. DUSTIN.

As long ago as we remember anything, we remember that, if when sent for an old newspaper to wrap a bundle or cut a pattern we brought an *Advocate*, we were always told to take it with the reason, "I never like to tear an *Advocate*; there is so much good reading in it." This feeling caused a custom law in our house, which still holds away, though that voice says never more, "Return," but always, "Come!" Secular dailies kindle fires and clean lamps, but Church papers are kept to be given or sent away, unless "cut up" after the manner of Dr. George's *HERALD*. By the way, our *HERALD* is sent every week to Grandmother Warren, for many years the oldest member of the Church in Nashua, N. H., who, in her new home in northern Illinois, still loves to hear from New England Methodism.

Our own paper, the *Western Christian Advocate*—which has never given better satisfaction as a family religious paper than now—and the *Standard*, whose temperance department gives it special usefulness in some cases, go regularly into the minister's overcoat pocket, when removed from the table to make way for the new numbers. Thence they are taken to be used as helpers in home missionary work, on the sidewalk and in the shop, or left, like a bouquet or dainty dish—better than either often—to cheer the sick or lonely. The *Heavenly Woman's Friend* and *Our Union* are handed to women who work, or ought to, for temperance and missions. The *National* is loaned to this or that one who would be supposed to have a special interest in certain articles therein. The *Quarterlies* for the last year we have been intending to take up to a superannuated member of our Conference residing here, who, though between eighty and ninety, is still quite able to see Dr. Whedon's sharp points. The *Advance*, received by the mistress of the manse from her Congregational minister brother, goes (an instructor) into some humble household, unless scissored for scrap-books and selections. This is our way—and it is natural for Methodists to illustrate, by experience—of using what we consider only common-sense economy of much-needed material.

A book on "Our Wasted Resources" might be written concerning burned-up and torn-up evangelists and teachers in the form of weekly papers. If all the great and good words sent forth by the religious press for the last ten years had ceased their ministry only when worn out by time and use, what might have been that is not? This loss of ammunition must be added to the always augmenting account of thoughtlessness and indolence.

A paper has the advantage over a tract in that it is not so professional. Like the conversation of a consistent Christian, its words, fitly spoken, are golden apples of spiritual instruction in the silver pictures of secular life. You stumble upon an exhortation when looking for news, and are inspired more by hearing what is actually accomplished than you would be convicted by being told what ought to be done.

A paper sent regularly to a friend after reading, is not only a constant reminder of remembrance, but has the added interest of association. We enjoy Nast's cartoons all the more because their keen political persiflorations have been previously appreciated by others, with whom we thus take a telephonic laugh.

Prisoners look out long hours through their iron bars, wearily seeking for something to think of besides their own past and present, while companions at once pleasant and profitable for them are cast about in the corners of Christian homes near at hand. "How can they go unless they be sent?" May not a liberal interpretation of "Lay not up treasure on earth," make it also to mean, Neglect not to use the laid-up treasures of truth about you, though in so commonplace a form as last week's paper?

... "Quite correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are hot-blooded, don't you see? Coolies are a different sort of people altogether. So are the people of Chili."

## THE CENTRAL CROSS.

In the palace of Justice, at Rome,

they take you sometimes into a chamber with strangely painted frescoes on the ceiling and around the walls and upon the floor, in all kinds of grotesque forms. You cannot reduce them to harmony; you cannot make out the perspective; it is all a bewildering mass of confusion. But there is one spot upon the floor of that room, and one only, standing upon which every line falls into harmony; the perspective is perfect, the picture flashes out upon you, instinct with meaning in every line of panel. You can see at that point, and that only, the design of the artist that painted it. I believe that this world is just as bewildering a mass, looked at from every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of science; I endeavor to gaze into the future of this world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the Cross. Then darkness and discord become light and harmony; the mystery is solved; the night that shut me in becomes radiant with the divine light and glory. At the foot of the Cross, art, science, literature and history become at once to me a divine, glorious, and blessed thing. And so I claim for my Lord His rightful dominion over all the works of His hands! We will gather all the beauties of art, and all the treasures of science, all the brightest and best in the world, and will lay them down at His feet. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive might, and majesty, and riches, and power, and honor, and glory." His is the universe, His is the right, His is the universal world.—*Manning.*

## "FRET NOT."

BY ALBINA L. BEAN.

Let the old world jog along, Never mind the care she brings; Sit you quiet in your nest, As the wee bird sits and sings.

Fold your restless wings and wait, When the storms come clashing by; Never storm so long or late, But beyond was bluest sky.

Sheltered nest is safe and sweet; Birds have notes for darkest weather; Not the songs that gush and thrill When they mount the sky together.

Little, quiet chirps of trust, Bits of songs that wait the morn; Sing you as the wee bird sings, You will not be dumb with sorrow.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A. O. Abbott contributes the following touching incident to the *Northwestern*, and vouches for its truthfulness:—

The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a little bundle under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing her bundle for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Some time passed, and she was collecting tickets and fares. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked her for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor: "Where are you going?"

She answered: "I am going to heaven."

He asked again: "Who pays your fare?"

She then said: "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered: "I think not. Why do you ask?"

"Yes, sir, before my ma died she used to sing me a beautiful railroad song, and she looked so kind I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody; and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but she said don't sing to any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven?"

You have a little girl, haven't you?" He replied, kindly: "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked: "Did she go on this railroad, and are you going to see her?"

By this time every person in the coach was upon their feet, and some of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said, "God bless thee, little girl!" Hearing some person say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied: "Yes, my ma used to say I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him: "Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love Jesus, will you let me ride to heaven on His railroad? I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me ride to heaven when I get there, and He will let you in, too, and everybody that will ride on His railroad. Yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and pathetically uttered, deeply touched all present, especially the conductor.

She now asked, "Mister, may I lie here?"

He answered, "Yes, dear, yes, lie here."

She then asked, "Will you wake me up then, so that I may see my ma and your little girl, and Jesus? I do so much want to see them all!"

The answer came in broken accents, but in words very tenderly spoken: "Yes, dear angel, yes, God bless you!"

"Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again: "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

At this juncture the brakeman called out, "H—!" The conductor arose, requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness to this scene, but I was sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

While after I was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from this same conductor, which contained the sequel to the above incident:—

"Rev. Mr. D—, I wish to relieve my heart by writing to you and saying that that angel visit on the cars was a blessing to me, although I did not realize it in its fullness until some hours after. But blessed be the Redeemer, I know now I am His, and He is mine. I no longer wonder why Christians are happy. O my joy, my joy! The instrument of my salvation has gone to God. I had purposed adopting her in the case of my little daughter who is now in heaven. With this intention I took her to C—, and on my return trip I took her back to S—, where she left the cars. In consultation with my wife in regard to adopting her, she replied, 'Yes, certainly, and immediately, too, for there is a divine providence in this.'"

"Oh!" said she, "I never could refuse to take under my charge the instrument of my husband's salvation. I made inquiry for the child at S—, and learned that in three days after her return she had died suddenly, without any apparent disease, and her happy soul had gone to dwell with her ma, my little girl, and the angels in heaven. I was sorry to hear of her death, but my sorrow is turned to joy when I think my angel daughter received intelligence from earth concerning her pa, and that he is on the heavenly railroad. Oh, sir, methinks I see her near the Redeemer. I think I hear her sing. I am sure at home pa and ma are coming, and I find myself sending back the reply, 'Yes, darling, we are coming and will soon be there.'"

FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

## THE DECEIVED SON.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

The usually bright, handsome face of Harry Endford was disfigured by having his cheek terribly swollen. All night he had suffered intensely with a defective tooth, and the camphor and creosote his mother had applied brought no relief.

"Harry," said Mrs. Endford, pityingly, "I must take you to Dr. Hilton. He will stop the pain at once."

"Oh, dear! no, mother," exclaimed Harry quickly, "I don't want to go to the dentist's. He'll pull my tooth out. I know he will."

"No, he shan't, Harry; he'll cure it right off."

After a little pondering Harry decided to accompany his mother to the dentist's. He was nearly mad from pain, and was willing to accept any possibility of relief. Having gained her son's consent, Mrs. Endford wrote the following:—

DR. HILTON: I shall soon bring my son Harry to your office. He has an ulcerated tooth which I am sure will have to be extracted. Please resort to a little artifice to hide your intention; he is a nervous, timid boy, and thereby will be spared the dread which would be to him more than pain.

Very truly yours, H. E. ENDFORD.

A little later Harry and his mother were inside the dentist's office. He examined the aching tooth carefully.

"It is a very bad tooth," he said. "You are not going to pull it?" questioned Harry, giving his face a quick, searching glance.

"I will put something on it that will cause the pain to entirely cease in a short time," replied Dr. Hilton evasively.

He poured a few drops of a dark liquid from a small bottle on a bit of cotton, and taking it up with his forceps, he said to Harry:—

"Open your mouth wide now, and let me lay this on the tooth."

Harry opened his mouth, but in an instant the treacherous forceps held tight hold of his tooth, and it was extracted and in Dr. Hilton's hand before he had the slightest suspicion of his intention.

"What! you haven't pulled it out?" exclaimed Harry greatly astonished.

"Yes, I have. You didn't feel it much, did you?"

"You've cheated me!" returned Harry, with an angry, flushed face. "You told me you were going to put something on to stop the pain."

"I did. These forceps are the truest pain-killer I know," laughed the dentist.

"Well, it is all over now," said Mrs. Endford, "and the tooth will never ache again. Are you not glad?"

Tears sprung into Harry's eyes. "You knew all about it, mother," said he bitterly. "You knew Dr. Hilton was going to pull my tooth when you brought me here. You are always cheating me, you are; but you can't do it many times more. I've got you learned!"—defiantly.

Whom did Harry so well understand? His mother, to whom he owed his existence, and whose tender, loving care he constantly received. And yet her influence over his young, pliant mind was nearly gone. Why? Because again and again in the management of her son she had resorted to artifice and dissimulation.

Poor Harry! there was a rankling wound in his heart. Through deception he had been saved the fear he would have experienced from having his tooth extracted, but poison and bitterness had sprung up in his heart far exceeding any physical pain. His moral nature had received a lasting blight.

Mother, my little story is strictly true. If you wish to be loved and honored by your children, deal honestly with them. Never deceive them, or tell them the least fractional part of a lie.

... One of our young men, when he married, didn't want to patronize the baker. He said bread tasted ever so much better made by her dear hands. This delighted her. But when she wanted a slice of coal, and he suggested that she get it, as the fire would feel so much better if the coal was brought by her dear hands, she was disgusted. Women are so changeable.

## FUN AND FACT.

... The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends. —*William Penn.*

... A man recently bought a horse by photograph, literally getting the *carte* before the horse.

... When the world of God is sweet as honey, the vanities of time are bitter as aloes.

... Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, in these circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep. —*Bishop Thorne.*

... Believe in Christ, and then the soul and the whole Bible, will be full of light. —*Howells.*

... At the cattle show: Gentleman, with solemnity: "Miss Florence, do you love beasts?" Lady, with vivacity: "Am I to consider that as a proposal?"

... He who forgives is victor in the dispute. —*African Proverb.*

... A stuttering professor says, "The dog star is no star at all; it is a p-p-p-uppland."

... O, how many deeds of deathless virtue, that no mortal could accomplish, pass on like Samson, and tell neither father nor mother about it. —*LaFontaine.*

... A Turkish merchant vessel, called the *Beard of Mahomet*, was sunk recently in the Black Sea. The best thing her owners can do is to raise it.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words, And we set them to music at pleasure; And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad, As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song. Whatever its rhyme or metre: And if it is sad, we can make it glad, Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

... Weary person on evening visit: "Aw, 'm just out of a sick bed." Terrible boy: "Say, Mr. Johnson, what ails yer bed?"

... Most of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember?

... Said a friend to a bookseller: "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

... It is claimed that a new singer can rise one bar, or about two yards and a half, higher than any other living tenor. How! that do for him?

... An old bachelor was courting a widow, and both had sought the aid of art to give to their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why, don't you see that they are dying for each other already?"

Every bird that upward springs Bears the Cross upon his wings; We, without it, cannot rise Upward to our native skies.

Every ship that meets the waves, By the Cross their way is traced; We, on life's wide ocean tost, If we have it not, are lost.

Hope it gives us, when distressed; When we fail, it gives us rest; Satan's craft and Satan's might, By the Cross are put to flight.

... A tall tramp looked in at a broken office the other day. His imposing height startled the broker. "Bless me," said he, "my man, how high do you stand in your stockings?" "In stockings?" was the reply, "I shan't go."

... Ernest Renan says, in his recent work on the Gospels, that the Gospel of St. Matthew, well weighed, is the most important book of Christianity, and, indeed, the most important book that has ever been written.

... Pascal says that "there is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish to see it, and darkness enough to confound those of opposite disposition."

... It is a very bad thing, in speaking of the wonder to a friend he said: "The forward thing gin a couple of coughs, and then the whole string of 'em started right off."

... It is pride that fills the world with so much bad-humors and severity. We are as rigorous to offenders as if we had never offended.

... Among the forms of insect life there is a little creature known to naturalists, which can gather about it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and, so clothed, descend into the bottom of a pool; and you may see the little diver moving about dry land at his ease, protected by his crystal vest, though the water all around him be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector; a transparent vesture—the world sees it not; a real defense—it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, for a season not to ascend for a fresh supply. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon. —*Dr. James Hamilton.*

## FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

## FROM "MY BIRTHDAY."

Beneath the moonlight and the snow Lies dead my latest year; The winter winds are wailing low, Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind As if a loss befall; Before me, even as behind, God is, and all is well!

Not mindless of the growing years, Of care and loss and pain, My eyes are wet with thankful tears For blessings which remain.

The years no charm from Nature take; As sweet her voices call, As beautiful her mornings break, As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches over my quiet ways,



NOTES FROM OVER THE SEA.

BY MACGOWAN.

Scotland is in a state of disquiet, theologically and politico-ecclesiastically. Trials for heresy have been engaging the Church courts of several of the Presbyterian bodies, and are not yet concluded. But the subject of the disestablishment of the Scotch Church is uppermost at present. The visit of the Liberal leader, the Marquis of Hartington, to Edinburgh recently, has awakened attention to this matter, and a course of three lectures has been instituted. The lecturers are highly representative men—Principal Rainey, Lord Moncrieff, and Mr. Taylor Innes. All three are Free Churchmen, and men of the highest eminence. Dr. Rainey is one of the ablest theologians in Scotland. Lord Moncrieff was for many years lord advocate, and is a prominent politician. Mr. Innes is a celebrated jurist. That three such men should have been constrained to discuss the relations of Church and State, shows clearly that the pressure of the subject is intensely felt; and that they should revert to first principles implies that the matter is to be thoroughly treated, and is more than one of temporary expediency. Prof. Rainey's lecture is decidedly hostile to Church and State unions.

The Bishops are all having "their say" at present. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Dr. Elliott, dealing with the living voice of the Church, said that it was to be found in Convocation, and he was obliged to acknowledge that the allegation that the Convocation was heavily embarrassed in its utterances, was true. The power of summoning Convocation formerly rested with the Archbishop; now it is vested in the Crown. Dr. E. thinks that Parliament will never give Convocation freedom more than it has now, but he believes that the Archbishop, in the exercise of his inherent power, should have the clergy more fully and effectively represented.

The Bishop of Ely has expressed a desire for a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion; and as regards the eastward position, he said he would conform to the practice of the Church in which he ministered. He was glad that the diocese was free from controversy, and he urged his clergy, while maintaining the doctrine of the Prayer Book as to confession, not to urge upon the people, as a requirement of the laws of Jesus Christ, to rid themselves of the burden of post-baptismal sin. He could not define how frequently, under the terms of the exhortation in the Communion office, a person may legitimately have resort to confession, but the language in its fair and honest meaning was an exception, not a rule. The Bishop of Winchester has just received an influential deputation who presented him with resolutions which were passed at an anti-confessional meeting.

Dr. Jacobson, the Bishop of Chester, speaking on the same subject, observed that it was not the mind of the Church of England that it should be compulsory; it was not required as a necessity of Christian life, and the Scriptures, rightly understood, could not be pleaded to enforce it, nor could the practice of the Church for a thousand years.

It will be seen that the attitude of their lordships' assent confession varies, but the opposition of none to the nefarious and befouling innovation, is decided and unequivocal.

Dr. Gregg, the bishop of the Free or Reformed Episcopal Church, is creating some stir on a small scale, by his assumption of the title of Right Reverend, and announcing that his episcopal jurisdiction extends over England. Thus he has a larger field of episcopal oversight than either Cardinal Manning or Primate Tate! The Bishop of Truro and John Bright have had a controversy lately concerning the good accruing to Cornwall from the labors of John Wesley. The *London Telegraph* states that all the good Wesley accomplished was as an English Churchman and not as a Methodist. Is it not strange that Dr. Gregg owes the validity of his orders—and they are as valid as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury—indirectly to Methodism? Was not Bishop Cummins, who founded the Reformed Episcopal Church your countryman, originally, a Methodist clergyman? Thus Methodism has given apostolical succession—if such a thing there be—to a Reformed Episcopal Church!

Mr. Bowman Stephenson has returned recruited in health from his visit to the United States and Canada in the interest of his Children's Home. Mr. S. is an active and rising man, and is doing a good work by means of the Home which he founded, and which has grown upon his hands beyond all expectation. Although but of recent origin compared with George Müller's Orphanage, it is supporting almost as many waifs. Müller's faith has done it all. He solicited no aid; he just believed. He has done a marvelous work—a work which is a monument more enduring than any of the hand of man has ever erected. But why does the man persist in representing that it has been accomplished miraculously? Whereas it has just been done as Mr. Stephenson is doing his work; and the faith of the one is just as great as the other. No institution in the world is more largely advertised than Müller's Orphanage; no man since Adam has made more appeals for public support in behalf of any institution than George Müller has for his Orphanage. By all means let him receive all courtesy and all honor; but the real way by which his institution is supported should be kept before the public, or else Mr. Müller's lectures and exhortations will do more harm than good.

TEMPERANCE.

THE WHITTIER BANQUET.

The following letter, prepared in accordance with a resolution passed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was sent to the publishers of the *Atlantic*:

BOSTON, December 18, 1877.

GENTLEMEN: I forward with this a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Board of Officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which will explain my feeling in this letter. I am unable to obey the instructions of the committee, it being impossible for me to "express the pain and regret" felt in learning that on an occasion so happily conceived and otherwise as happily carried out, you should have given public sanction to the social drinking customs of the day. We are aware that the banquet was to a certain extent a private affair, and that we may seem to be overstepping the bounds of propriety in making a public criticism. But we remember that the publication of elaborate reports of the banquet has made it also a public occasion. He who the banquet was designed to honor was not your guest merely. He is known and loved wherever American poetry is read, and none rejoice more in the prolongation of his life than do those who remember that in all his writings there is not one word which countenances the social vices of his time, and that with voice and pen he has wielded a powerful influence for purity and temperance against which the social drinking customs of the day are at war. That the influence of an event designed to honor such a life should have been turned against the best interests of the country he has loved and served so well, causes an inexpressible pain. Is it possible that you who have known so intimately the eminent literary man of a generation and more can have forgotten how many of their lives have been shattered, how many bright hopes and expectations have been destroyed by the social customs to which, in placing liquor upon the menu of last night's banquet, you have given public sanction? We cannot conceive that you deliberately threw the weight of your influence upon that side of this great question, but prefer to believe that you thoughtlessly followed a custom which is rapidly being consigned to oblivion. May we not hope that on future occasions of this nature you will do what you can for a cause which is doing so much to bless mankind?

Mrs. L. B. BARNETT.  
State Sec. W. C. T. U.

Obituaries.

Died, in Chelsea, Nov. 20, 1877, EMERLINE GRANT, wife of Washington Grant, of Chelsea, after a short illness. It was the privilege of the writer to be formerly acquainted with the deceased for many years, and he takes great pleasure in saying that her many virtues and worth can only be overestimated, as her many friends can testify. Of a remarkably benevolent and amiable disposition, her acts of kindness and charity were only limited by her means. Her sympathy for the poor and her mind were in constant exercise in relieving the distressed and afflicted. She was emphatically everybody's friend. Her greatest ambition was to do the will of her divine Master, in whose footsteps she followed. She was for many years an active and worthy member of the Mt. Bellingham M. E. Church, and was highly esteemed and beloved by its members, by whom, as well as by many other friends, she was not soon to be forgotten. She was of whom it may well be said, "Her virtues will linger like twilight hues when the last sun is set."

W. B. F.

AMELIA SNOW, wife of Jesse M. Snow, died in Bath, Me., Oct. 26, aged 39 years, 8 months, and 21 days. Sister S. was converted during the pastorate and through the labors of Rev. J. K. Day, and joined the Wesleyan M. E. Church, in March, 1874. During these few years of her Christian life she demonstrated her love for the Church and for her Saviour. She was naturally amiable, cheerful and companionable; and when her life became rounded out, and her character adorned by the grace of God, she was indeed a noble Christian woman. Her departure has created a great vacancy in the Church, and a greater in her family. In her home she was strength, sunshine and life.

Her sickness was short and sharp. She was left, besides her husband, five daughters—one an invalid, and one an infant. Falling, as she did, in the very prime of life, in the bosom of a lovely and loving family, and when to human seeming she was so much wedded, the blow came with stunning force. The large place which she filled in the hearts of her neighbors was shown by the very large company that attended her funeral. She died, well, and peacefully.

A. S. LADD.

Died, in Marshfield, Mass., Nov. 5, 1877, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. HATTIE K. MOREY, aged 24 years and 8 months. Sister M. had been a member of the M. E. Church for nine years. In her death the Church loses a consistent and faithful member, the community an example of a pure and a beautiful life.

J. H. ALLEN.

JOHN D. MASON died in East Bridgewater, Mass., Nov. 11, 1877, aged nearly 68 years. He was born in Freetown, Mass., and was converted under the labors of Rev. Father Lewis Bates, in Pembroke, Mass., in 1837, and has been connected with the Church known as South Hanson the most of the time since. He came to this charge between four and five years ago.

Brother M. was a most faithful and exemplary Christian, always in his place, and ready for every good work and work. We miss him much, but he is satisfied he is with Christ. He has left a most devoted companion and daughter.

G. W. BALLOU.

E. Bridgewater, Mass. THOMAS BURNELL departed this life for his heavenly home, Nov. 22, at W. Baldwin, Me., aged 81 years and 6 months. Some fifty years since Brother B. gave his heart to God, and connected himself with the M. E. Church, in which he remained until his Master called him hence, leaving seven children to follow him. His wife and one child had gone before. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. Peace to his memory!

ISAAC LORD.

JOEL HANCOCK departed this life at Richmond, Minn., Nov. 24, 1877. He was born in East Machias, Me., Sept. 17, 1801, and was converted fifty-two years ago, and joined the Baptist Church; but over forty years ago he united with the Methodist Church, remaining in that Church ever since. Twenty-three years since he came to Minnesota. Brother H. seemed to have had premonition of his death, for although apparently as well as usual, he said but a little while before his death that he did not expect to live through the winter. He was sick but a few days, and passed calmly away, trusting in Christ. His wife, to whom he was married nearly fifty years, and three children, mourn his loss.

H. BROOK.

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The marvelous effect of VEGETINE in cases of Cancer and Cancerous Humor challenges the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whose prescriptions VEGETINE is to its patients.

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VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most intractable case of Canker.

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The Vegetine merits with wonderful success in the cure of this class of diseases.

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Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, etc., will certainly yield to the great alterative effects of VEGETINE.

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VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate case of Erysipelas.

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Reason should teach us that a blotchy, rough or pimply skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Tumors, Ulcers or Old Sores.

Are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with VEGETINE, and these complaints will disappear.

Catarrh.

For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Constipation.

VEGETINE does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the system, but cleanses all the organs, enabling each to perform the functions devolving upon them.

Piles.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.

Dyspepsia.

If VEGETINE is taken regularly, according to directions, a certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

Faintness at the Stomach.

VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitter which creates artificial appetite, but a tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

Female Weakness.

VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs and allays inflammation.

General Debility.

In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood.

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DR. QUAIN'S COMPOUND SPRUCE ELIXIR has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is compounded of the medicinal extracts of the pine and the spruce and other trees and herbs whose leaves grow upon the spruce and pine trees. It acts like magic upon a cold, breaking up almost immediately, another the influenza, and subdues the distressing cough. It is a SAFE REMEDY containing

NO OPIUM,

which the late Dr. Hall says nearly all cough medicines do, and which, though they may represent the truth, do not eradicate it, but contrive and become the immediate cause of headache, dyspepsia, neuralgia, etc.

While the SPRUCE ELIXIR was prepared mainly for throat and lung troubles its effect is equally powerful in all affections resulting from imperfect action of the kidneys, in proof of which is the following testimonial from a well-known and reliable man in Grafton, N. H.:

"I have been afflicted with kidney troubles for many years, and have tried many remedies, but have not received any relief. I have used your Compound Spruce Elixir, and have been cured. My opinion is that this Elixir is the best medicine ever offered to the public for the ailments which it claims to cure."

FRED S. WORTHLEY.

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